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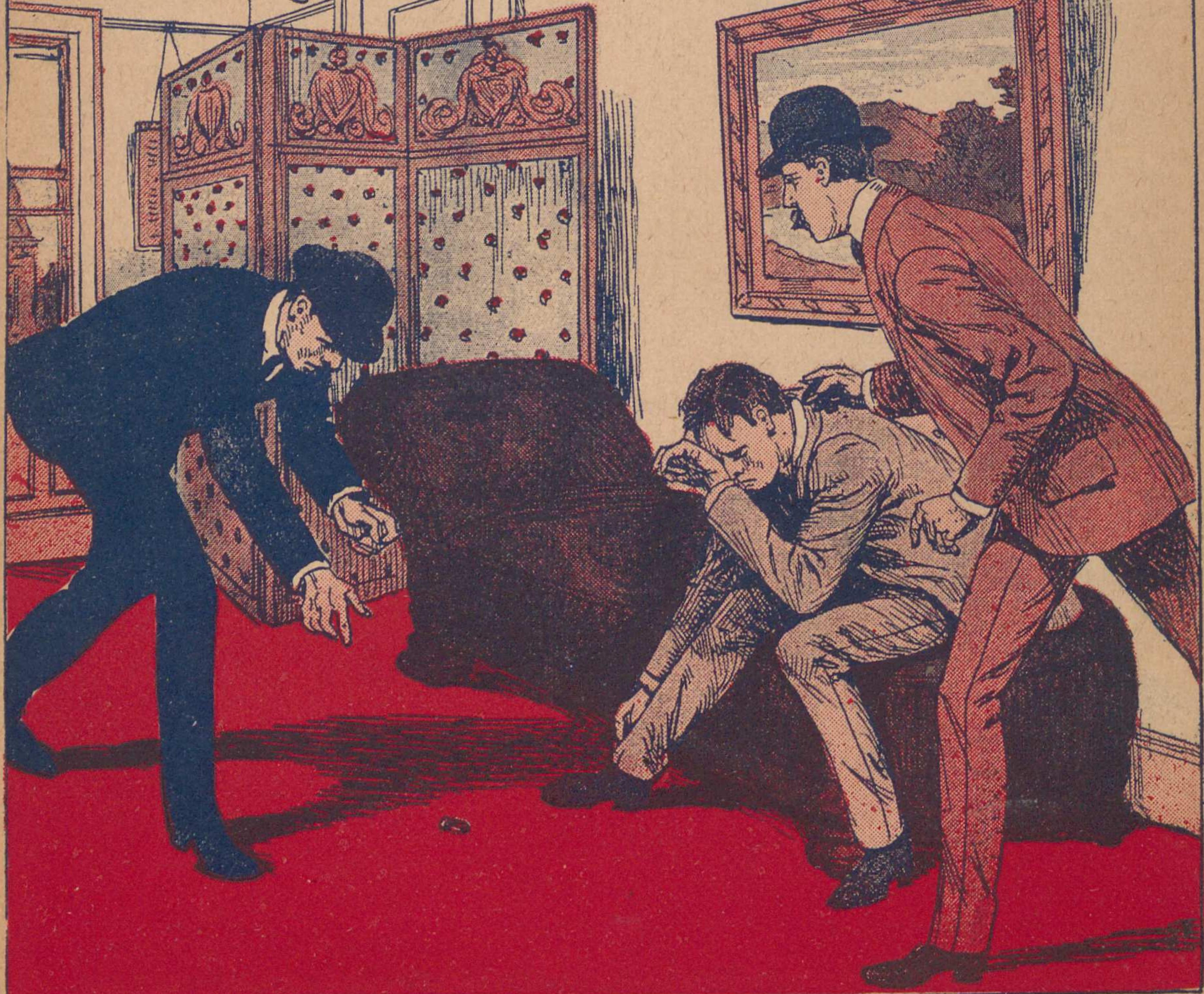
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

LUCKY LEE THE OFFICE BOY

OR THE NERVES LAD IN NEW YORK

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



He struggled to a sitting posture and gazed about him in a bewildered manner. "Where am I?" he gasped, huskily. "You'll be all right in a moment, my lad," said Bailey, encouragingly. Something dropped from his fingers to the carpet.

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No. 947

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1923

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LUCKY LEE THE OFFICE BOY

OR, THE NERVIEST LAD IN NEW YORK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Man With the Black Beard.

"Is Mr. Scott in?"

Lee Templeton, a bright-looking boy of seventeen, messenger and clerk for Rutherford B. Scott, dealer in stocks and bonds, on the ground floor of No. — Wall Street, was crossing the small reception-room from the little counting-room to his employer's private office, with a bundle of paper in his hand, when he was saluted with the foregoing question. The person who addressed him was a well-dressed, dark-featured man of perhaps thirty years, with piercing, jet-black eyes, and a small, sil black mustache, who had just entered the office. The boy took him to be a well-to-do Spaniard. He carried a small satchel in his right hand, and upon the little finger Lee noticed a heavy gold, black-enameled ring, the design of which was a coiled snake, a big diamond being imbedded in its flat head.

"Yes, sir," replied Lee, with his customary politeness. "If you will take a seat I will tell Mr. Scott you wish to see him. Will you oblige me with your name?"

"Manuel Suarez."

Lee entered Mr. Scott's private office and, after laying the paper on his employer's desk, announced the visitor.

"Tell him to walk in," said the broker.

The Spaniard entered the inner room.

"Mr. Scott, I believe?" he said, seating himself beside the desk.

"Yes, sir. In what way can I serve you?"

"You purchase bonds, I think?"

"I do."

"I wish to sell fifteen Reading \$1,000 first mortgage 5's, market value \$1,170, in all \$17,550."

The Spaniard opened his satchel, produced the bonds, and laid them on the desk. Mr. Scott took them up, one by one, and looked them over carefully. They appeared to be genuine to his experienced eye, but as the amount was large, and his visitor a perfect stranger, it was his invariable rule in such cases to request that the securities be left with him a short time for verification. He so informed his visitor, who smiled and nodded assent.

"I will give you a receipt, fully specifying

the bonds," said the broker. "Call about two o'clock."

Mr. Scott immediately rang for Lee, and the Spaniard passed him on the way out. Suarez stepped into a cab that was waiting for him and drove off.

"Lee," said Mr. Scott, when the lad entered his presence, "take these securities, fifteen \$1,000 Reading first mortgage 5's, down to Blank & Hooley, attorneys for the road, and have them certified."

"Yes, sir."

The boy took the bonds into the counting-room, put them into a small leather handbag, the mouth of which was secured by a strap running through a series of metal rings, and started on his errand. Lee Templeton was an unusually smart boy for his years. He had been working in Wall Street now for about two years, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his employer, Mr. Scott. He lived with his widowed mother and pretty sister May, in a modest flat in Harlem. The family being in moderate circumstances, May also was a bread-winner. She was very proud of her stalwart brother, while Lee was quite certain there wasn't another girl in the world who could hold a candle to his sister. There was also another person who entertained the same opinion of May.

That was Sam Hawkins, Lee's particular friend, who lived close by the Templeton flat, and who, likewise, worked in Wall Street for a brokerage firm. Sam was a jolly, good-natured sort of boy. As Lee came out of the Scott door he met Hawkins, who was entering the building on an errand, on a run. A tall, santonious individual, with a book under his arm, issued from one of the offices on the floor at that moment. He was going his rounds making collections for the heathen. He didn't notice the approaching projectile until too late to avoid contact with Sam. The result was, he was bowled over, with his legs and arms spread to all points of the compass, and alighted, kerflop, on the polished marble floor, just as Hawkins fetched up against the wall. The lanky individual glared at him.

"Thou art a son of Belial, and will come to the gallows one of these days," he shouted, angrily.

Then he picked himself up, recovered his subscription-book and hurried from the building.

"What are you laughing at?" Sam demanded, as Lee, grinning all over his face, came up and offered his hand to assist him to his feet.

"I was laughing at your imitation of an animated cannon-ball. You didn't do a thing to that collector for the foreign missionary fund."

"How do you know he's a collector for the foreign missions?"

"He was in our office a while ago soliciting subscriptions for the benighted pickaninnies of the Congo."

"I think he's a fraud. He called me a son of somebody, and said I'd come to the gallows. Just as if I could help running against him. Why didn't he look out where he was going?"

"I've got to go down to No. 1 Broadway, and I can't waste any more of my precious time chinning to you. I'll see you at lunch-time."

"All right," replied his fat chum, and the boys parted company.

Lee was a smart walker, and was not long going down to the big office building which faced Bowling Green and the Battery. There was a cab standing in front of the main door, where the boy entered, which looked like the one in which the Spaniard was driven away from Mr. Scott's office. Lee entered one of the elevators.

"On which floor are Blank & Hooley's offices?" he asked the elevator man.

"Eighth."

"Then just drop me off there, will you?"

The elevator stopped at the eighth floor. Then the boy started down the main corridor. He darted around the first turn to the right and—found himself suddenly gripped by the throat by a dark-featured man with a heavy black beard, who hissed through his teeth:

"Drop that bag or I'll choke the life out of you!"

CHAPTER II.—The Black-Enameled Serpent Ring.

Lee dropped the bag, not because he had been ordered to do so, but because he could not help it. His hands instinctively went up to his throat in an effort to tear away the strange man's grasp upon his windpipe. The effort was a vain one. The vise-like grip only tightened around his neck like the coils of an anaconda, and he gasped frantically for air. His eyes bulged from their sockets. A red mist gathered before them, but through it he saw the baleful gleam of a pair of black, glowing eyes, like those of the basilisk, glowering into his very brain.

As he lost consciousness the stranger in the black beard released the pressure of his fingers, and was in the act of laying the boy down on his back, when a door was opened and closed in the adjoining corridor and footsteps sounded on the stone flooring. They were approaching, and discovery was imminent. But the stranger found that the boy had a death-like grip on his fingers. With an oath and a fierce wrench he tore his hands free, not noticing in the hurry of the moment that the heavy ring he wore on his little fingers remained in the unconscious boy's grasp. Grabbing up the bag, he sprang around the cor-

ner into the main corridor, and darted toward the stairway beside the elevators, just as the persons who had disturbed him came into view of the scene of the crime.

"Hello!" exclaimed one of the well-dressed gentlemen who were on their way to the elevators. "What's this? A boy has fallen in a fit. Here's Williams, help me take him back to the office."

The other gentleman assisted in raising Lee and supporting his unconscious form back the way the two had come. They carried him into an office, the door of which was marked private, and laid him upon a leather lounge.

"Get some water and a towel, Bailey," said Williams. "I've got a flask of brandy in my desk. I'll run and fetch it. I'm afraid the lad is in a bad way. Look at his clenched hands, and the froth on his lips."

The two gentlemen hastily worked over Lee, at first without any encouraging results, but after Williams had succeeded in forcing a portion of brandy between his teeth, the boy began to show signs of returning animation. At length he opened his eyes, with a fluttering sigh, and his hands mechanically went to his throat, while a spasm of pain swept his features. Then he struggled to a sitting posture and gazed about him in a bewildered manner.

"Where am I?" he gasped, huskily.

"You'll be all right in a moment, my lad," said Bailey, encouragingly.

Something dropped from his fingers to the carpet. Williams picked it up and looked at it. It was a heavy gold, black-enameled ring, made to resemble a coiled snake, and in its repulsive-looking flat head was sunk a full carat diamond for an eye.

"A curious and valuable ring, Bailey," said Williams, showing it to his partner.

"It is, indeed. Quite odd, upon my word. Came off the boy's finger, eh? Must be an heirloom."

"Something has happened to me," said Lee at last, as his senses reassured him. "Ah, I was choked!"

"Choked!" exclaimed the two gentlemen, in surprise.

"Yes. I was set upon suddenly by a black-bearded man as I turned out of the main corridor. Where's my bag?" he asked, starting to his feet and looking about him.

"Your bag?" asked Bailey. "I didn't see any. Did you notice one, Williams?"

"No; there was none in the corridor. Of that I am certain."

"Then I have been robbed!" cried Lee, almost frantically.

"Robbed!"

Yes. I had a small leather bag with me. It held fifteen Reading \$1,000 bonds I was taking to Blank & Hooley's office. I must find the thief. How long have I been here?"

We found you about seven or eight minutes ago unconscious in the side corridor, and brought you in here to revive you, thinking you had a fit."

"I had no fit. I was choked almost to death by a dark-featured man with a black beard. It must have been he who took the bag."

"I am afraid this is a serious case," said Bailey to his associate, Williams. "Who is your

employer, my lad? I'll ring him up on my 'phone, and give him warning of the situation."

"I work for Rutherford B. Scott, No. — Wall Street."

"All right. Just wait a moment."

"The man who robbed you has doubtless made his escape from the building by this time," said Williams, after his partner had disappeared into the next room.

"I am afraid he has," admitted Lee, in a dejected tone.

"You say you have lost fifteen \$1,000 Reading Railroad bonds?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's a serious loss, my lad," said Williams, sympathetically. "But I dare say your employer has a memorandum of their numbers, and he will be able to take measures to prevent the thief from realizing on their plunder. By the way, this is your ring, I believe. It dropped off your finger just as you revived. It's an odd-looking bit of jewelry in its way."

"That isn't my ring," said Lee, as he took it in his hand.

"Not yours? Why, I saw it drop out of your hand."

But Templeton didn't hear that remark. Like a flash he remembered he had seen a similar ring on the little finger of the Spaniard, Manuel Suarez, as he stood in the reception-room of Mr. Scott's office not an hour before. At that moment Bailey re-entered the room.

"I have communicated with Mr. Scott. He will be here right away," he said.

"The boy says that ring isn't his property," said Williams.

"No?" replied Bailey, lifting his eyebrows in some surprise.

"No," said Lee; "it must belong to the man who robbed me."

"Do you really think so?" asked Bailey, with sudden interest. "In that case it may prove a valuable clue in running the rascal down."

"I believe it will," answered Lee, who thought he saw a way to that end.

"How does your throat feel now?" inquired Williams.

"Kind of rocky; but it is gradually getting better."

"While we're waiting for your employer, you'd better go over to that sink and rub it well with brandy, slightly diluted—that will help it some," said Bailey.

Lee followed his advice, and had just finished the operation when Mr. Scott made his appearance.

"What does this all mean, Lee?" asked the broker, turning to his messenger, whose pale face and shaky appearance denoted that something had gone wrong with him. I was informed over the wire, by one of these gentlemen, I presume"—glancing at Bailey, who nodded—"that you had lost the bonds."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, in a downcast voice.

"I understand that you were assaulted and robbed."

"Yes, sir."

"How did it happen? This is a very serious matter," said Mr. Scott, gravely.

Lee at once told his story, not without some difficulty, for his throat was still painful, and

the three gentlemen were much impressed by the terrible experience through which the boy had passed.

"Do you think that you could recognize that man again?" asked the broker.

"I am pretty sure I could, sir; but," added Lee, eagerly, "I am beginning to think that the man was disguised."

"Explain."

"Did you notice that the Spaniard who left the bonds with you wore a big ring of enameled gold, in design a coiled snake with a diamond for an eye, on the little finger of his right hand?"

"I did. It's oddness rather struck me."

"Does this like like it?" and Lee handed him the ring which had come into his possession in such a peculiar way.

"It is the very ring!" cried the astonished broker. "Or at least its mate. How came you to get this, Lee?"

CHAPTER III.—Figuring on the Case.

"I have no recollection of how it came into my hands, Mr. Scott," replied Lee; "but this gentleman," indicating Williams, "says he saw it drop out of my fingers as I was coming to my senses on that lounge, and as the last thing I recall during my struggle with the black-bearded man was a desperate grip I had upon his fingers in a fruitless effort to tear them away from my throat, I believe it must have slipped off his finger, unnoticed by him, when he was releasing his hands after I had become unconscious."

"That sounds reasonable," nodded the broker. "It seems a remarkable coincidence that both these men happened to wear a ring of such an unusual design."

"Almost too remarkable, I should say," spoke up Williams, dryly.

"I have a strong suspicion that a deliberate attempt to defraud you out of the value of those bonds is on foot, sir," said Bailey, wagging his head sagely and looking at the broker. "I have known of such a thing to be worked successfully."

"I am beginning to think so myself," replied Mr. Scott.

"The Spaniard who left the bonds in your hands got your receipt for them, of course?" continued Bailey.

Certainly."

"What is their market value?"

"Seventeen thousand, five hundred and fifty dollars."

"Quite a respectable amount. If my idea is the right one, I take it that the man Suarez figured upon your sending the bonds out to be verified before you made such a large purchase from a stranger, and laid his plans accordingly. The fact that he lay in wait for your messenger on this floor, in the very corridor through which the boy had to pass to reach the offices of Blank & Hooley, shows that he had informed himself in advance of the most likely place the bonds would be sent."

"Your reasoning seems quite sound," admitted Mr. Scott.

"On that hypothesis the scheme thus far has

been successful," went on Bailey. "It now remains for the rascal to reap the fruit of his crime if he can. To do that he must present the receipt and request either the return of the bonds or their value in money."

Mr. Scott nodded, showing that he appreciated the force of Bailey's argument.

"You seem to have a very clear idea of the situation, sir," he said, "and I thank you for the interest you have shown in the matter. I am also very much obliged to you both, gentlemen, for your attention to my messenger. You will confer another favor by not saying a word to any one else about this unfortunate occurrence, as it might defeat the ends of justice if the facts were published in the newspapers in their present incomplete form."

The two gentlemen assured the broker they would keep silent about the case.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Scott. "Now, Lee, we will make a call on Blank & Hooley, and notify them of the loss of the bonds. I have a memorandum of the numbers with me."

The offices of the Reading Company's attorneys were only a few steps away. Mr. Hooley was in, and was greatly astonished to learn of the outrage which had been perpetrated so close to their door. He also advised that a detective be immediately employed on the case. One of his clerks was requested to take a copy of the broker's memorandum.

"I will communicate at once with the secretary of the company in respect to the stolen securities, and measures will at once be taken to prevent the thief from realizing upon them."

The first thing the broker did when he and Lee returned to the office was to call up a well-known detective agency, whose specialty was Wall Street cases. The manager promised to send one of his best men around right away. In a short time the office boy announced "Mr. Johnson." The visitor was an alert-looking person, attired in a neat business suit and a brown derby hat. Lee was called into the conference and told his story in a clear, concise way.

"It is a plant, without a doubt," said the detective, promptly, when all the facts were in his possession. "You are both prepared to take oath, I presume, that this ring," holding up the snake circlet, "or at least one resembling it, was on the finger of the gentleman who called here with the bonds for sale?"

"Yes, sir," replied Lee, and Mr. Scott nodded. "Very good; that's something to begin with."

"I can swear that the black-bearded man had the eyes and complexion of the Spaniard who gave his name as Manuel Suarez," added Lee.

"How about his clothes?" asked Mr. Johnson, sharply.

"I could not identify his dress, as he came up to me so suddenly. However, I am sure he had a soft hat very like the one worn by the Spaniard."

The detective shook his head.

"I doubt if your evidence would hold under cross-examination. When a person is being choked into insensibility he is hardly in a condition to take an accurate observation of his surroundings."

"I should know those eyes again if I lived to be one hundred," maintained Lee. "They were as much the Spaniard's as that ring."

"The difficulty will be to prove that fact to the satisfaction of a jury," replied the detective. "By the way, Mr. Scott, did you examine those bonds carefully before you sent them out of your hands?"

"I did."

"Your chief business, I believe, is buying and selling securities?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, in your opinion, the bonds were genuine?"

"Such was my belief."

"And yet they may have been cleverly forged ones," intimated Mr. Johnson, with a shrewd glace at the broker.

"I have not heard of any Reading bonds having been forged."

"Perhaps not. These may have been the first presented."

"If spurious, the fact would almost certainly have been detected at Blank & Hooley's. Mr. Suarez must have known before offering them for sale that no broker would buy them until satisfied of their genuineness."

"Well, wouldn't this account for the bold and successful attempt made to prevent the bonds from reaching Blank & Hooley's?"

"I don't quite catch your meaning, Mr. Johnson."

"Assume they were forged—the work was done clever enough to deceive you and secure a receipt for fifteen genuine bonds. That was all the man wanted. Then he proceeded to cover the securities, in order to wipe out all evidence pointing toward their spuriousness. He succeeded. Very good. He now holds your receipt for \$17,550 worth of supposedly real bonds. What are you going to do about it?"

"I see," admitted the broker. "As the case stands, it can make no difference whether the bonds are genuine or not. I am responsible for the amount of the receipt."

"That's the game exactly. I am satisfied the bonds were forged. We have had several cases of late of forged bonds having been successfully worked off on credulous buyers, not all of them brokers by any means. In some cases spurious securities have been found to have been substituted for the genuine ones through the connivance of crooked clerks who have vanished before their operations were detected. The Government Secret Service people are hunting for the gang at the back of these operations. This Spaniard may be one of the crooks."

"Well," said the broker, "I leave this matter in your hands. This Suarez is due to call at three."

"I will be on hand to meet him, but I don't think he will come to-day."

"Because he has lost the ring?"

"Yes. He will take no chances until he shall have had a duplicate made."

"And then?"

"We will try and attend to his case," said the detective, rising. "I shall now continue my investigations at No. 1 Broadway. Good-day."

At three o'clock exactly Mr. Scott's telephone rang and, putting the receiver to his ear, he was astonished to find that some one purporting to be Manuel Suarez was at the other end of the

wire. The Spaniard said it was impossible for him to call according to arrangement, as important business demanded his immediate presence in Philadelphia; but he would present himself as soon as he had returned, probably by the end of the week.

CHAPTER IV.—In the Hands of the Enemy.

When Lee Templeton left the office for home late that afternoon, and started down Wall Street to take a subway train at the Hanover Square station, a man, who had been standing well back in the shadow of the entrance of the building opposite, came out, crossed the street, and followed a short distance behind him. He trailed after Lee down the subway stairs, was right behind the boy when he bought his ticket, and followed him into the same car. Lee changed to a Lenox avenue express at the Brooklyn Bridge station, and the man with the side whiskers did the same, boarding the same car, as before.

The boy got out at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and the party with the side whiskers did likewise. He followed Lee up the avenue to One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street and saw him enter a plain-looking flat-house. Taking a note of the building, the man with the side whiskers walked to a neighboring drugstore which had a pay-telephone booth, and called up somebody on the wire. Then he strolled down to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and entered a restaurant. Twenty minutes later he came out on the sidewalk with a choice cigar between his teeth, strolled across the street and entered the "Penny Hippodrome," where he spent half an hour among the phonographs and moving-picture boxes. Just as he came out at the Lenox avenue entrance a cab drove up and stopped close to the curb.

The man with the whiskers deliberately walked over to it. Somebody inside opened the door, then the man spoke to the driver and got in. The vehicle turned around and slowly rolled up to One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, turned the corner and came to a stop before the flat where the Templetons lived. The man who had come in the cab—a short, thick-set individual, smooth-shaven, alighted—entered the vestibule of the flat, located and rang the Templeton bell. The door was opened, but the man continued to push the button until Lee came downstairs to see what was the matter.

"Is your name Templeton?" asked the man.

"Yes," replied Lee.

"You are wanted at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Police Station."

"What for?" asked the boy, in surprise.

"To identify a man arrested for assaulting you and getting away with a bag containing Reading bonds this morning at No. 1 Broadway."

"Oh! All right," replied the unsuspecting lad. "Wait till I get my coat and hat. I'll be back in two minutes."

Lee told his mother where he was bound, and then hurried downstairs.

"I've brought a cab," said the stocky man, as soon as the boy appeared. "We'll be over in a jiffy."

"Whereabouts on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street is the station?" asked Lee.

"Near Amsterdam avenue. All right," he said to the driver, as he stepped in after Lee, who had already found another person in the vehicle.

The jehu whipped up his horses and turned up Lenox avenue, instead of down.

"You're going in the wrong direction," exclaimed the boy.

"You shut up," cried the man with the side whiskers, drawing a revolver and pressing it against his temple. "If you utter another word I'll blow the top of your head off."

Lee was thoroughly startled, as any boy of his age would be, at the sudden change in the situation. With the cold muzzle of a revolver pressing against his head, he decided that it would be the part of prudence to submit as gracefully as he could. Two men and a gun presented odds against which he dared not rebel. So he subsided into silence and inactivity. Whither were they taking him? Surely some terrible mistake was being committed.

For perhaps two miles the cab followed the avenue, then it turned up a dark, cross street, unpaved and with only an apology for a sidewalk, finally coming to a halt before an old-time and seemingly deserted mansion standing a hundred feet back from the street line. The stocky man got out of the vehicle first.

"Come," he said, gruffly gripping Lee tightly by the arm, "get out."

The boy obeyed.

The man with the side whiskers followed. He handed a bill to the driver, who immediately whipped up his horses and drove back toward Jerome avenue.

"Now, then, step out, young man," he said, sharply, in the tone of one used to command and accustomed to be obeyed.

As they passed through the gateway and walked up the long gravel path to the house, Lee noted that they were in a very thinly-settled section of the Bronx. The big mansion looked ghostly and uninviting in the gloom of a dark night. The man with the side whiskers pulled a bell-knob, and a harsh jangle sounded somewhere in the depths of the house. Presently steps were heard inside, then the stout door was unlocked and opened a few inches, as far as a big chain-guard would permit.

"Who's there?" asked a voice from the darkness.

"The Captain," replied the man with the side whiskers.

The chain was unhooked, and they entered the mansion. Lee found himself in utter darkness, piloted along what he judged to be a wide hall by the stocky man, who had never once released his grip on his arm.

Then a door was opened ahead, and the three paused in a dimly-lighted entry, with a pair of uncarpeted stairs leading to the floor above.

"Now, Mattocks," said the man with the whiskers, "take the boy upstairs and lock him in the room over the kitchen."

With Mattocks close at his back, Lee ascended one flight.

"Turn to your left," ordered his conductor.

The boy turned as directed.

"Straight ahead."

He walked forward about a dozen feet, like a prisoner being led to a cell.

"Open the door on your left," said Mattocks.

Lee turned the handle, the door yielded and the man pushed him into a room, the floor of which creaked and resounded to their tread for it was without covering of any sort. Mattocks struck a match, dimly revealing a comparatively bare, square apartment. A common, round-bellied lamp stood on a small deal table in the center of the room. The man lighted it, and after a sharp glance at the windows, where the wooden outside shutters were closed in and barred, he turned on his heel and left. Lee heard him turn the key in the lock, then his heavy footsteps retreated along the corridor, and died away down the stairs.

There were two chairs, one on either side of the table; a cot-bed that looked as if it was in use, a small cylinder stove with a coal-hod beside it, an old-fashioned washstand with a tin basin and pitcher, and a plain-looking dresser which supported a cracked mirror. Lee, for want of something better to do, pulled open the drawer of the table. It was filled with a variety of odds and ends, among which he noticed a wide chisel without a handle. The boy fumbled about among the things in an aimless way, while his thoughts were busy with the future. Finally he heard footsteps approaching along the corridor, the door was unlocked and opened, and the man with the side whiskers entered the room.

CHAPTER V.—Who Holds the Ace?

The man advanced to the table with a soft, cat-like tread, sat down and fixed the boy with his eye. They were the eyes of Manuel Suarez.

"Look here, Templeton," the words came short and snappy from his lips. "I'm a man of few words. Have you ever seen me before?"

"I think you are Manuel Suarez."

"That is exactly who I am," and Suarez deftly removed the false side whiskers. "You recognize me now as the person who called at Scott's office yesterday morning. You saw me in the reception-room, didn't you?"

"I did."

"You noticed the heavy gold ring I wore on the little finger of my right hand?"

Lee hesitated. Suarez seemed to read his thoughts.

"I see that you did. That ring come into your possession afterward in the Broadway building, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"You are quite satisfied I am the man who assaulted you?"

"If I wasn't before, the events of to-night have convinced me that you are."

"I am not going to deny it," said Suarez, with a peculiar smile. "Where is that ring now?"

"It is in the hands of a detective employed by Mr. Scott."

"Much good it will do him," with a sneer. "Unless he has your evidence at his beck and call he can't prove that that ring was ever worn by me."

"Oh, yes, he can," replied Lee, triumphantly.

"How can he?"

"Mr. Scott noted that ring himself while you were in his private office."

At that moment the house bell jingled down in the kitchen, and the sound came up quite plainly to their ears. Manuel Suarez got up and started for the door.

"Mr. Suarez," said Lee.

"Well," answered the Spaniard, pausing and regarding the boy fixedly.

"Do you mean to keep me a prisoner in this place?"

"Perhaps."

"It is an outrage!" groaned the boy, indignantly.

"You are the most important witness against me in this bond affair," replied Suarez, curtly. "With you out of the way, nothing can be proved against me."

"Don't be so sure of that. You can make nothing out of your crime, for the receipt you hold will not be recognized unless presented by you in person. If you appear at the office you will be arrested."

"On what charge?" sneered the Spaniard.

"Conspiracy to defraud, and murderous assault and robbery."

"And the only evidence against me, you being out of the way, is a ring which, given time, I can almost duplicate at a jeweler's. Tell me, my young friend, how long would such a charge hold in court?"

There was a triumphant gleam in his black eyes which bespoke the confidence he felt in his position. Lee felt proportionately discouraged, for he read in the man's reply an indefinite imprisonment for himself, since the rascal's safety and success lay in his absolute disappearance from the stage. Suarez's sharp eyes observed the lad's distress and easily read its meaning. His lips curled with an evil, satisfied smile. Then he left the room, locking the door after him, and his soft footfalls presently died away down the staircase. For some minutes Lee sat like a statue in the chair, turning over in his mind the unpleasant conclusion which the interview with the Spaniard had given rise to. Argue the matter as he would, he saw he was clearly under the thumb of a most inexorable and desperate villain.

CHAPTER VI.—The Mysterious Picture.

Lee Templeton, however, was not the kind of boy to be overcome by a discouraging outlook. The fire of a new resolution came into the boy's eyes. He pulled off his shoes, then rose from the chair and tried one of the windows. It wouldn't budge. Then he saw it had been securely nailed up. The other window was in the same condition.

"That won't stop me if I can't find an easier way out," he grinned, grimly.

He walked softly over to the door in the corner of the room and tried the knob. It yielded to his touch, and pulling it open he found, as he had supposed, that it communicated with a closet—an empty one. No, not quite empty. A second look showed him a dark-lantern on the upper shelf. He brought a chair over so that he could reach

it, for he thought it might prove useful. As he took it down something else followed. It was a black mask. Feeling around the upper shelf with his fingers they presently closed upon an article that proved to be a slung-shot.

"These evidently belong to a professional crook," muttered Lee. "Well, this implement is a good article to defend one's life with at close quarters. I'll keep it," and he showed it into his hip-pocket."

Lee concluded to leave the dark-lantern on the shelf for the present, after he had ascertained that it was ready for service. He closed the closet door and returned the chair to its former position. There was nothing else to look at but an old-fashioned oil panel on the wall facing the table. Lee hadn't noticed it before, but now standing in front of it he saw it was the painting of a head. It was covered with dust and not very distinct, but there was something about it which impressed him unpleasantly. He couldn't tell what that was, but he felt that he didn't care to look at it. He sat down at the table and wondered what time of night it was. The house was as still as death. Having nothing to do, he began to be conscious of a nervous restlessness stealing upon him.

Suddenly he found his eyes drawn involuntarily, as it were, to the dusty panel on the wall facing him. Something like an electric shock ran through his body, followed by a strange tingling sensation. He stared at the picture as if fascinated. The lamplight threw a strong shadow all about the panel, but at the same time illuminated the thin film of dust which rested upon the picture itself. It seemed as if some strange and horrible face was staring full upon him from behind a thin veil—a face whose expression was absolutely startling. He could hardly persuade himself that it was not a real face thrusting itself out of the dark oaken panel.

"B'gee! I can't stand this!" exclaimed Lee, fretfully. "I'm not superstitious, but I'm bound to say that picture, whatever it is, gives me a creepy feeling."

He began to walk up and down the room in his stocking feet. But the mysterious influence which oppressed him seemed rather to increase than diminish. He had never felt so nervous in his life. He could feel a clammy moisture breaking out in the palms of his hands and on his forehead. The very shadows in the corners grew into life and motion under the flickering flame of the lamp wick, and he could almost imagine they were about to dart out and seize upon him.

"Great Scott! This will never do!" he cried at length. "If there's anything wrong about that picture I'm going to know it. The reflection of the light on the dust must be the cause of all this."

He pulled out his handkerchief and dragging a chair over to the wall he mounted, and resolutely, though with a sensation of repugnance, brushed the dust from the picture. Then he stepped down and looked at it squarely. He could not repress a shudder as he gazed. Evidently it was an old Italian masterpiece, truly horrible in its realism. It represented a head just severed from the body. The face protruded from a plain background in the strongest relief,

and with wonderful truth of coloring. The expression was that of agony—the agony of intense bodily pain, and its ghastliness was something weird and terrible. Lee gazed upon it with a kind of fascination, which coupled with the intense stillness of the old house and the night, produced a chilly, creepy influence that fairly turned his blood cold. Although Lee had the reputation of being the pluckiest boy in Wall Street, this picture quite unnerved him. At last he tore his eyes away from it, turned the lamp down and went over and threw himself upon the bed. But in spite of all he could do he found himself looking in the direction of the picture, now lost in the shadows, but which still seemed to follow him with its menacing and suffering eyes.

"This is something fierce!" he muttered, as he tossed and twisted himself upon the bed, in his vain effort to blot the awful phantom from his mind. "It must be long past midnight by now. I wish I could get asleep."

But he couldn't. At the end of half an hour he started up as wide awake as he had ever been in his life.

"That picture is simply knocking me endwise," he exclaimed, desperately "I be a wreck in the morning if I can't get rid of it somehow. By gracious! I'll dig it out of the wall and smash it to bits. The fellow that painted that must have done it in a fit of delirium tremens. I never saw such a horrible painting in my life. I wouldn't have such a thing in my house for a farm."

Nerving himself for the task he had determined on, he advanced to the table, turned up the light again, and pulling out the drawer he searched for and drew out the chisel. With this he advanced upon the panel. The terrible face, as if it had divined his purpose, glared down menacingly at him. But Lee had keyed his courage up to the sticking point, for he was thoroughly resolved to do up that picture.

"I'll paralyze you, confound you!" he said, shaking the implement at the panel. "You've been giving me the creeps, now I'll give you a taste of cold steel and see how you like it."

His first intention was to try and shave the paint off the wood and thus destroy the design completely. Then he changed his mind and decided he would dig out the panel from the wall and put it into the closet.

"It is probably a masterpiece in its way, so I ought not to destroy it."

He began operations at one corner of the wood. But he soon found that he couldn't make any progress at it. The thing fitted so snugly that he couldn't possibly get the point of the chisel under the wood. After working away for a time he desisted almost in despair.

"I never saw such a cantankerous old thing in all my life," he said, in a vexed tone.

Then his eyes lighted on the pictured face once more, and it seemed to him as if a horribly sarcastic leer, a kind of ferocious satisfaction, had gathered about the mouth of the painting, just as if it exulted at the failure of his efforts.

"Confound you!" cried Lee, angrily, smiting the side of the panel with his fist, "you shan't get the best of me if it takes all—"

He stopped and stared, almost fell off the chair

with surprise and, we may say, consternation, for the panel had moved of itself, and was slowly opening outward—inch by inch—as if it had suddenly become possessed of life.

CHAPTER VII.—The House of Many Secrets.

Lee quickly recovered from his momentary alarm and watched the slowly opening panel with a feeling of surprise. Evidently this was one of the secrets of the old house. He had read about such things in stories of ancient dwellings, but never imagined a practical demonstration of the fact would ever occur to him. But here he was actually being introduced to a secret cup-board, the existence of which was probably unknown to the present occupants of the building. The door swung out to an angle of forty-five degrees and then stopped.

"Gee!" exclaimed the boy, "I don't wonder that horrible face was painted on this panel. That of itself was enough to scare any one from attempting to investigate it close enough to suspect that it covered a secret closet. If I hadn't accidentally struck the concealed spring which released the catch I never would have got on to it myself. I wonder if there's anything in the cupboard? It looks large enough to hold a small bed. I'll get the lamp and take a look."

As he got down from the chair it occurred to him that perhaps the dark-lantern, which he had discovered in a closet, would do better, being easier to handle. So he went to the closet and got it. Lighting it and opening the slide which covered the bull's-eye he again mounted the chair, and dexterously pulled himself up into the secret cupboard. At a first glance the place appeared to be empty, though thickly incrusted with cobwebs and the dust of years.

"A fellow can almost stand up in this hole in the wall," he muttered. "I guess this must have taken the place of a safe in the good old times. It isn't a bad place to stow away one's valuables when you come to look at it. In fact, I think it's better than a safe, for its existence would never be suspected by any one not in the secret. It's all to the good."

As Lee turned the lantern from point to point the flashing circle of light rested for a moment on what seemed to be a pile of dust on one of the shelves.

"What's that?" mused the boy, looking closer.

He put his hand upon it. It was not dust but a solid substance. He picked it up and shook it. The dust fell away from it and revealed a small bundle carefully done up in brown wrapping paper and securely tied. It was not heavy.

"I'd give something to know what's in this," Lee said to himself, with a good deal of curiosity.

He debated whether to tear it open at once or not. He decided not to do so.

"It will keep, for it's easy to carry."

Thus speaking, he slipped it into his pocket and continued his investigations. There was not another thing in the cupboard.

"I wonder what that knob is for?" he said, observing a dusty metallic button at one side of a series of narrow shelves.

He took hold of it and pulled with no result.

"Gee! I thought maybe I was going to find another secret cupboard; but it doesn't seem to be there for any purpose that I can see. It won't pull, twist or—"

"Push," he was going to say, but didn't, because as he did happen to push something remarkable happened. The shelves folded up and the whole side of that portion of the wall slid down out of sight, as if by magic, and a black void stared the boy in the face.

"Jumping jew's-harp! as Sam would say "What's this I've blundered on?"

The glow of the bull's-eye revealed a narrow flight of stairs, leading down to a passage which apparently ran between the outer and inner wall of that side of the house.

"This seems to be a house of mysteries," ejaculated the astonished boy. "I am having adventures to burn. Well, I'm going to see where that leads to. Maybe it will enable me to get away from the clutches of Manuel Suarez."

Before proceeding, he concluded it would be the part of wisdom to get his shoes. So he returned to the room and tossed them into the cupboard.

"I may as well take this chisel along. It might come in handy. I'll turn out the lamp. Then if Suarez comes back unexpectedly he may think I've turned in on the bed, and will let things stand as they are till morning, by which time I hope to be miles from here."

Before he touched the lamp he swung the panel partly back and took another look at the severed head. It had lost its terrors now for Lee.

"You old nightmare," he said, grinning at it, "it is possible you've done me a good turn. If so, I shall always be grateful to you in spite of the touch of horrors you gave me a while ago."

Then he put out the light, swung himself up into the recess in the wall and pulled the panel to. It shut with a sharp click. Lee ran the bull's-eye light up and down the inside edge of the closed panel, but could see no sign of a spring. The whole thing was as tight as a drum.

"Say, this wouldn't be funny at all if I wanted to get back into that room once more. The passage may be blocked, or if there is a secret panel or door at the other end I may not be able to find the spring, then where would I be at? I would be in the consomme for fair."

However, Lee didn't see any reason for alarm at present. Picking up his shoes and the chisel he descended the short flight of steps and then proceeded along the narrow passage beyond. At the end of twenty feet he came to a blank wall. At the same moment his sharp ears caught the sound of voices on his right.

"There must be a room there," he mused, running the light along the wall, which appeared to be quite solid. "I'll bet that's Suarez and one of his associates chinning. How I'd like to hear what they're saying!"

But he couldn't understand a single word. All he could distinguish was an indistinct murmur of conversation. He walked forward and back to see if he could find a secret panel. There was no sign of one, yet he noticed that only in one spot could he hear the sounds from the next room.

"The wall is certainly thinner here than else-

where," he argued. "There must be a difference in the thickness of the partition. That can only mean that there is a panel. These things are certainly cleverly arranged. They fit closer than a glove."

He ran his hand up and down and across the smooth surface, but with no success.

"This beats the Dutch!" he said at last. "I hate to let a thing like this beat me. Besides, it may mean the only avenue of escape for me in the end."

He began all over again, but with more care, going over every inch of the wall in that particular spot. Suddenly a slight click came to his ear and two feet of the wall slid noiselessly out of sight somewhere, and he found himself standing in an opening looking into a big, square elegantly furnished room. Lee gave a slight gasp of surprise and dismay, for at a table a few feet away sat Manuel Suarez in conversation with a well-dressed man, whose back was turned to him. The boy instinctively started back, and as he did so the panel shot back into its place again. At least it would have done so, but Lee's right hand had accidentally grasped one side of the opening and the panel came to a stop against his fingers, without, however, hurting him. This left a crack about three-quarters of an inch wide, through which shone the lamp light that illuminated the room. For a moment or two Lee stood fairly paralyzed by the quick change which had taken place in front of his eyes, then he began to realize the situation, and was quick to take advantage of it.

"This is the greatest ever," he breathed.

With a slight effort he found the panel could now be moved to admit of as large or as small an opening as he desired.

"It's a wonder Suarez didn't catch sight of me, for he is facing this way," muttered Lee.

He applied one eye to the crack and looked into the room. The Spaniard and his companion were in earnest converse, and every word come distinctly to the boy's ear. What Lee overheard during the next fifteen minutes sent a thrill of excitement through every fiber of his being.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Pointer Worth a Million.

"I tell you, Suarez, I've got the biggest thing that was ever given away in Wall Street," said the man whose face Lee couldn't see.

"You tell it well, Fletcher," replied the Spaniard, rolling a cigarette between his fingers, and then lighting it.

There was a slight sneer in his tones, which the other was quick to catch on to. At the mention of the name Fletcher, Lee started slightly. He knew of one Fletcher in the financial district—Morris Fletcher—but of course this man could not be he. That gentleman was secretary of the Reading Coal & Iron Co., and was considered eminently respectable. Therefore, it was far from likely that he would be found in the society of a crook like Manuel Suarez.

"You seem to doubt my word," said the person addressed as Fletcher, with a gesture of annoyance.

Suarez smiled sarcastically as he blew a cloud of smoke in rings from his lips.

"This is a pointer that's worth a million to a man that's got good pluck and the money to back it up," said the well-dressed man with some vehemence.

"Your last tip, friend Fletcher, cost me every penny I realized from the series of well-engineered burglaries at Tarrytown. If you can't produce something better I won't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

"That was your own fault. I told you to buy M. & N. at sixty."

"I did so."

"When the stock reached eighty-five I 'phoned you to sell. Did you? No. You held on for a higher figure, because the market looked bearish, and you, with the other lambs who flock into the Street when the market is on the rise, believed the stock would go to par. That's where you fooled yourself. You may be as clever as they come in your line of business—I am willing to admit you are—but when you monkey with Wall Street you're out of your depth. Had you been guided by me you would have made a wad. You thought you knew it all, and you got left."

Suarez listened patiently to this call-down. Whether or not he was conscious that he deserved it he made no sign. His face was as expressionless as that of a wooden Indian.

"What is this pointer you are speaking of?" he asked, regarding Fletcher intently through his half-closed eyelids, a habit of his which put all who knew him well on their guard.

"How am I to be compensated for it?" asked his companion, cautiously.

"How can I tell till I know what it is?" inquired the wary Spaniard.

"And when I've told you it will be as much yours as mine."

Suarez's eyes twinkled and snapped at this diamond-cut-diamond play, and let out a few more perfect rings of blue-smoke, which he watched float away.

"What's the use of coming away out here to see me at this hour of the night if you're not disposed to trust me?" he said, his lips curling into one of his curious smiles.

"I came here because I've got the goods and can deliver them, and you are the only man I care to apply to who has got the money to push a good thing along."

"How can you know if I have funds enough to meet your proposition?"

"You ought to have, with the plant you have upstairs for turning out gilt-edged securities, and the success you have met with in your professional operations."

"Since you know so much about my affairs, Fletcher," replied Suarez, grimly, "I wonder you don't call on the superintendent of police. If I am not mistaken, there are several tempting rewards standing for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the persons who looted neighbors of Mr. Rockefeller at Tarrytown; also for the parties who broke into several brownstone fronts in the silk-stockings district of Manhattan."

"I am not an informer," answered Fletcher.

"No; it is not a paying business where I am concerned," said Suarez, pointedly. "However,

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"I am not an informer," answered Fletcher.

"No; it is not a paying business where I am concerned," said Suarez, pointedly. "However,

let us return to the subject. You say you have a good thing?"

"Yes, a chance that only comes once in a lifetime, and I want to make the most I can out of it."

"Well, you can't make a cent out of it unless you trust some one, can you?"

"No, I can't, blame the luck! I haven't the money to put up."

"Very good. Then if you don't think I'll do the right thing, go to some one else," said Suarez, coolly, rolling a fresh cigarette.

"But I do, and I'm going to tell you, but you must know beforehand that I want an even half of the profits."

"You're quite modest in your demands, Fletcher, considering you want me to advance the entire amount to swing your deal."

Manuel Suarez uttered a little sarcastic laugh, which seemed to irritate his companion.

"Why, man, I'm putting you in the way of making a fortune in one transaction, and I mean to make mine at the same time."

Suarez twirled his dainty mustache and considered.

"What is it, anyway?"

"Will you go halves?"

"I suppose so. But mind you, Fletcher, if your information isn't a dead sure thing I won't go into it."

"I'm not afraid of your backing out when I've told you about it. Are you prepared to go in heavy?"

"What do you call heavy?"

"You must sell thirty thousand shares short."

"Of what?"

"Reading Coal & Iron Co."

Suarez dropped his cigarette, turned squarely around and faced his companion. It was easy to see he had suddenly become intensely interested. He was a gambler at heart, but he liked best to play with loaded dice.

"Why?" he asked, his black eyes all of a glitter.

"Because," began Fletcher, impressively, "the company will default on January interest of first mortgage bonds."

"How do you know it will?" almost hissed the Spaniard.

"I know it from the books of the company. Am not I the secretary?"

At those words Lee, who had been greedily drinking in every word of the conversation from his place of concealment, nearly dropped. Was this, indeed, Morris Fletcher, the secretary of the Reading Coal & Iron Co.?"

"Gee!" he muttered, "who is honest in this world, anyway? We read in the paper that the presidents of the big insurance companies are grafters in their respectable way; that some of the princes of finance are grafters in their peculiar way; that thousands of trusts and coal barons are working the public for all they are worth. Oh, lord, who is to be trusted?"

Then he listened to Suarez, who was speaking.

"If your statement proves true the stock will tumble."

"At least twenty per cent. It will break to less than thirty before January 1."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Matthews, the president, has sucked it dry. I happen to know that he is enormous-

ly short, and his only interest now is to force it down. Mark my words, Suarez, he will have a receiver appointed in less than ten days."

The Spaniard's eyes snapped.

"The stock declined on the market to-day because short sales had been traced to Matthews. When the real state of the case becomes known the bottom will drop out at once."

"Can I thoroughly rely on your information, Fletcher?"

"You can."

"Very well. I will go into it. But, remember, if things do not turn out as you assert," said the Spaniard, fiercely, "I advise you to take the first steamer for Europe, for if I should lay my hands upon you —"

"I'm not afraid," replied Fletcher, in a tone of confidence, which reassured Suarez. "I am willing to risk my life on this tip I have given you."

"I'll take you at your word. But, remember, it is your life against —"

"A pointer worth a million."

CHAPTER IX.—On the Scent.

Morris Fletcher pushed back his chair, took a cigar from his pocket and lit it.

"It will take all of \$150,000 to swing the deal," he said. "Can you raise that much right away?"

"I can get it," replied Suarez. "I have that Bond residence job, which you suggested, on the tapis this morning. I calculate that my share of the swag will make up the amount you name."

"Then you already have over \$100,000 you can lay your hands on?" said Fletcher, with a look of satisfaction.

"I have—in money and gems. I have managed to get rid of most of the stuff we lifted in Tarrytown."

"The papers reported that a quarter of a million in jewels and solid silverware was taken from the five residences in that neighborhood," remarked the secretary of the Reading Coal & Iron Co.

"The papers always exaggerate. However, we made a very respectable haul. I should think we have cleaned up something like half a million altogether in money and other property since we began business, eight months ago."

"And our New York detectives—the finest in the world—haven't got a line on you yet, eh?"

"Not the faintest clue that I am aware of," replied Suarez, complacently.

"You're a wonder, Suarez—upon my word you are," said Fletcher, regarding this king of crooks admiringly.

"Thank you for the compliment. Have another drink before you go," he added, pointing to the sideboard, which glittered with cut-glass decanters and glasses.

"I don't mind if I do," and the secretary rose and helped himself to a glass of a fine Tokay wine. "No one sizing up this old rookery from the outside would dream there were such expensive appointments within its four walls," and Fletcher glanced around the elegantly furnished room, and its magnificent portiere concealing the

entrance to the Spaniard's sleeping quarters. "You didn't pay for all of this finery, did you?"

"Hardly. Most of it came from a Seventy-second street residence we dismantled this summer. The owner is still in Europe with his family, and as there isn't even a visiting caretaker, the loss hasn't yet been discovered."

"You are mysterious for fair. How many people have you in with you?"

"Only three, and they are experts."

"I suppose you have no fear that one of your associates will ever go back on you, eh, Suarez?"

"Not the slightest," replied the Spaniard, showing his teeth in an unpleasant way, while his eyes hardened.

"What guarantee have you of their fidelity—the large profits you have so far managed to secure?"

"They know me, and that's enough. It wouldn't pay any one of them to play traitor. He could not escape the penalty."

"And that is—"

"Death—swift and sure. I would reach him were he guarded by the whole detective force of the city."

"How could you in case you were taken yourself?"

"That is my secret, Morris Fletcher. The penalty would reach you as well if you ever were so indiscreet as to expose the knowledge you possess of my affairs."

"Don't be afraid," said the secretary, with a nervous laugh. I'm not a fool."

"I should hope not," replied the Spaniard, touching an electric button in the wall.

In a few minutes Mattocks appeared.

"Show this gentleman out," said Suarez. "After that I want to see you."

The Spaniard lighted a cigarette and walked up and down. In a few minutes Mattocks appeared.

"Did you look in at the boy?" asked Suarez.

"Yes, cap'n."

"Well?"

"I found the lamp had been put out and the room dark. He must have turned in on the bed."

"We will fit up a coop in the cellar for him by and by. Now, Mattocks, call Spivins and get your bag of tools. We've got that Boston Road job to put through before daylight. It's two o'clock now, so it's time we made a start. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

Mattocks retired and the Spaniard began to make a hasty change in his appearance. He donned a suit of old clothes, which he took from a closet, put a black mask into an inner pocket, a revolver into his hip-pocket, and then adjusted a heavy black beard; a common, low-crowned, soft, workingman's hat completing his disguise. Lee, watching him as he turned down the elegant swinging brass lamp in the middle of the room, preparatory to leaving, admitted to himself that he never would have known him in his new make-up. Suarez was an expert in concealing his identity.

"Well," mused the boy, when the Spaniard had left the apartment, "I think I have been through a good deal since I was brought to this house. It's lucky for me that I escaped from that room. Suarez is a pretty fierce proposition to be up against. So he and a couple of his pals are go-

ing to rob a house on Boston Road this morning? Their absence will give me a fine chance to get away. If I only knew what house they are going to operate on I might be able to put the Bronx police on to them and get them pinched in the act. Then I could furnish the information that would cause this house to be pulled and the dangerous gang effectually broken up. That would be doing the community a real benefit, and, at the same time afford me a heap of satisfaction for the rough treatment I've received at this Spaniard's hands. Besides, I ought to come in for some of those rewards. As for Mr. Morris Fletcher, I'm thinking he'll find himself in a rather tight box when I've told all I know about him. There'll be an immediate vacancy in the secretaryship of the Reading Coal & Iron Co., and I don't think he'll realize anything out of this 'short' deal he's cooked up with Suarez, nor will the Spaniard either, if I can put a spoke in his wheel."

While these thoughts and resolutions were flashing through Lee's brain, he stood partly concealed by the half-open panel which hid the secret passage. He was cautious about leaving his secure retreat until he could make sure that the way was clear before him. It would be a serious matter for him if the Spaniard happened to return unexpectedly and found him in that room. While he was making up his mind on the subject he heard the front door downstairs shut with a bang that awoke the echoes of the old mansion from basement to roof.

"I believe Suarez is off at last," he said.

Springing out through the panel, which closed of its own accord, Lee ran to one of the windows overlooking the decayed lawn. Sure enough, the Spaniard and his two pals, one of them carrying a heavy bag, were walking briskly down the gravel walk.

"If I could only get out in time to shadow them to that house in Boston Road I might accomplish their capture; but I am afraid by the time I reach the street they'll be out of sight. Well, I'll do the best I can under the circumstances. No doubt one of the gang has been left behind to keep an eye over the house, and let them in when they return, if they are so fortunate as to get back."

With his shoes in one hand and the dark lantern in the other, just as he came out of the hidden passage, Lee passed out into the wide, uncarpeted corridor and down the bare staircase to the hall door. He saw that the heavy chain was in its place again across the door, which confirmed his belief that one of the gang was in the mansion. The key of the front door was in the lock. Putting down the lantern Lee cautiously let down the chain, unlocked the door and stepped out on the porch. Carefully closing the door he put on his shoes. Then avoiding the gravel path he ran down to the gate and glanced up the lonesome street. Suarez and his pals were just vanishing in the gloom ahead.

"Maybe I can catch up with them before they turn down one of the cross streets. I must be careful how I manage it. If I could only run across a policeman it would greatly simplify matters."

It usually happens that when an officer is most wanted he fails to turn up. We do not say

this is the fault of the finest force in the world. It is simply hard luck. At any rate, whether this is the rule or not, it is true that no policeman hove in view while Lee was shadowing Manuel Suarez and his companions to Boston Road that eventful morning. The hour of three was sounding from the bell of a distant institution when the boy saw the three rascals stealthily approach a handsome detached residence fronted by a well-kept lawn. A low iron fence separated the grounds from the sidewalk. After a careful survey of the neighborhood, during which Lee crouched down close to a wall on the opposite side of the road, Suarez and his pals vaulted the iron barrier, one by one, crossed the lawn and disappeared around the house.

Lee was up against it now. He knew he could not cope with three men against him. But suddenly he heard footsteps approaching from the direction of Third avenue. Then he saw a shadow on the other side of the road and he sprang across to meet the owner of it. He came up to the man. The fellow was startled by Lee's sudden appearance. But the boy held up his hands and the stranger saw there was no weapon in them and came to a standstill.

Then Lee told him who he was and also stated about the robbery contemplated at the Bond residence. The man told Lee he was Mr. Bond's gardener, but that the boss was away at the present time, and only Miss Loretta Bond, two servants and the coachman and himself were on the premises.

The gardener's name was Harley and he said he would go to the stable, over which the coachman slept, and acquaint him with matters. While Harley was gone Lee examined the house to see where the burglars had entered. While he was about to open a side door he was pounced upon by the watcher, named Spivins, who hit Lee a terrible blow in the face, knocked out and then was bound with rope and dragged to one side.

Then Spivins entered the house and acquainted Suarez and Mattocks of his capture of the boy. They followed him to the place where Lee lay, and by the light from a match recognized Lee. Suarez was amazed at the presence of the boy there. However, just at this time Spivins saw two men coming from the stable and notified his pals.

CHAPTER X.—In the Grip of the Fire Fiend.

The Spaniard looked and saw it was the truth. "We'll let these chaps walk into a trap, Spivins," he said, with grim ferocity.—"When they come in here I'll answer for the first one and you tackle the other. We must choke them into unconsciousness. Then we'll carry them down into the cellar."

This program was carried out with great success. Harley and the coachman, though strong men, were taken by surprise, for they were not looking for danger in this quarter, and became easy victims.

"Now," said Suarez, after they had disposed of the two senseless employees of the house, "we'll take this boy upstairs. Lock both of those doors."

By this time Lee had recovered fully from the

staggering blow Spivins had dealt out to him. But he felt pretty blue over the situation. Once more he was in the power of the Spaniard and he didn't doubt but things would go hard with him. Just what disposition Suarez would make of him he was unable to guess. He thought he would be taken back to the old mansion. The Spaniard and Spivins seized him between them and carried him up to the library where Mattocks was still at work at the safe. He had finished the drilling and was inserting a small charge of some high explosive which would finish the job without too much noise.

"Lee here, Mattocks, what do you think of this?"

He pointed to Templeton, whom he and Spivins had propped against the wall. Mattocks took a hasty look, and then gasped in amazement:

"Why, how did he get here?"

"That's a question I've got to inquire into," said the Spaniard, in a rather ugly tone. "Spivins caught him coming into the kitchen below, and laid him out."

"I don't see how he could have escaped from that room," said Mattocks, scratching his head.

"That's what puzzles me. You told me that you looked into the room after I was there and found the lamp turned out, so you thought he had gone to sleep on the bed. The boy must have heard you coming, turned out the light and then crouched down in the dark near the door waiting for you to open it. As soon as you did he quietly slipped out in the dark and so—"

"But I only pushed the door a little way open, just enough to poke my head in," asserted Mattocks, positively. "He couldn't have got by me, I'm willin' to swear."

"You are sure of that?" said Suarez, eyeing his associate keenly.

"Yes."

"You did not enter the room at all, not even for a moment?"

"No."

"Well, the facts remains that he did get out," said the Spaniard, harshly. "See here, boy," turning to Lee, "I guess you recognize me, don't you?"

"I do," replied Templeton. "You are Manuel Suarez."

"Yes, I am Manuel Suarez. Now, I want you to tell me how you got out of that room in the old house."

"I don't see that it makes any difference to you how I got out," Lee replied, doggedly.

"It makes considerable difference to me," answered Suarez, sharply. "I want to know how you managed it?"

"You won't find out through me."

A terrible look leaped into the Spaniard's eyes. He was not accustomed to be balked.

"You refuse to tell me?"

"I do," said Lee, resolutely.

He knew he was up against it hard, anyway, and determined not to gratify the Spaniard's curiosity.

"Mattocks," commanded Suarez, "tear down those portieres."

He pointed to the draperies which divided the library from Mr. Bond's bedroom. The man obeyed.

"Now you and Spivins tie the boys to one of those posts."

He referred to the pair of white and gold columns which stood on either side of the arch Mattocks had just denuded of its drapery. The two rascals carried out his instructions to the letter.

"What are you goin' to do with him, cap'n?" asked Mattocks. "We can't let him go—he knows too much."

"He'll know less when I get through with him," said the Spaniard in such a significant tone that Lee shivered in spite of himself.

"Does he intend to murder me?" thought the lad, uneasily.

"Now attend to the safe," said Suarez to his lieutenant, paying no further attention to Lee.

Mattocks inserted a fuse into one of the holes he had drilled around the lock and lighted it. The three stepped back and waited. In half a minute there was a dull report, a slight shock, followed by a puff of whitish smoke and the door of the small safe hung open, a wreck. Suarez then picked up a suit-case which he had previously found in a closet and had already partly loaded with valuable trinkets he had brought to light in the front room, and began shoveling into it the contents of the safe, which consisted chiefly of securities, valuable gems that had belonged to the deceased Mrs. Bonds and now were the property of Miss Loretta, who was peacefully sleeping in the front room of the next floor above, and the remainder of a roll of bills Mr. Bond had left with his daughter to pay the running expenses of the house during his absence.

There was also a quantity of solid silverware in the safe, stamped with the Bond monogram. Mattocks shoved this into a sack brought from the old house for the purpose. Spivins filled another sack with expensive bronze and silver ornaments displayed around the two rooms. Altogether, they were making a good haul. Finally they were ready to leave, and then Suarez turned his attention to Lee once more.

"Take your ~~all~~'s-eye, Spivins, and go down in the kitchen. You'll find a can of oil on the shelf over the sink. Fetch it here."

Spivins departed on his errand.

"Pull down those lace curtains, Mattocks," said the Spaniard, sharply.

His lieutenant stripped the two windows in a twinkling.

"Pile them around the boy's legs."

While he was doing it, Spivins appeared with the can of oil which Suarez's sharp eyes had noticed when they entered the house. The Spaniard took it out of his hand and, approaching Lee, deliberately sprinkled a quantity of the inflammable fluid over the curtains.

"Now, pile on those portieres," he said, his eyes gleaming with a cruel ferocity which, together with the dreadful preparations, whose object could not now be misunderstood, set Templeton's nerves all of a tingle. As soon as the portieres were thrown on top of the lace curtains Suarez scattered the remainder of the oil on the drapery. Dropping the can and picking up the suitcase he paused before Lee.

"Now, young man," he said, malevolently, "you will either answer the question I asked you a while ago or take a roasting. Which shall it be?"

Evidently he meant every word he uttered.

"I'll explain," replied the boy, after a pause,

concluding that prudence in this instance was the better part of valor.

"Do so."

"There is a picture in the room where I was confined, which—"

"A picture!" interrupted the Spaniard.

"A picture of a severed head."

"Yes, I know. What has that to do with the matter?"

"Everything."

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Suarez, in a tone of some surprise.

"The picture is painted on a panel without a frame."

"Well?"

"The panel covers a secret recess in the wall."

"What!"

"It works on hinges and is operated by a concealed spring."

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Absolutely."

"Go on."

"I discovered the spring accidentally, the panel opened out, and I sprang into the recess, which I found communicated with a passage between the walls of the house. I investigated further and found another panel which let me out into another room. Then I had no trouble in walking down to the front door and letting myself out."

"That is the whole story?" asked the Spaniard.

"That is exactly how I escaped."

Suarez eyed the boy keenly while he considered his explanation. That there were panels, and a secret passage in the old mansion was news to him. At the same time it was welcome news, for his fertile brain perceived how such things could be utilized to advantage in case the house was raided.

"I accept your statement," he said, with a smile which boded no good to the boy. "Now, tell me, why didn't you go home at once after securing your freedom?"

"I had my reasons."

"And they were connected with this house?"

"They were."

"How came you to know we intended to work this place?"

"I heard you state the fact to your visitor, Morris Fletcher."

"You did, eh?" exclaimed Suarez, in some surprise. "You overheard our conversation? Where were you?"

"Behind the panel which opens into that room."

"Did you follow us to Boston Road?"

"I did."

"You entered the grounds with a man. Who was he?"

"Mr. Bond's gardener."

"And you two hatched up a scheme to catch us, eh?" with a grim smile.

Lee did not reply.

"You were a fool to think such a thing possible. This gardener and another man, whom you also counted on, are safely stowed away in the cellar. They were easy, like yourself."

"What do you intend to do with me?" asked Lee.

"What should I do with a slippery lad like yourself, who knows too much for his own and our good?"

The Spaniard's eyes glittered.

"You don't mean to kill me," said Templeton, in a hushed voice.

"That's just what I mean to do," replied Suarez, coolly. "As long as you live you are a menace to us. The stakes we are playing for are high, therefore it were folly for us to give you the slightest chance to queer us. You missed your one opportunity this morning. You should have gone to the police instead of taking the game into your own hands. Still, I should have got you in the long run, unless my lucky star failed me."

Lee made an effort to speak, but his tongue failed him. He was overcome by the horror of his position.

"Mattocks, and you, Spivins, put a match to this stuff, do you hear?" ordered Suarez.

They heard and obeyed him without the slightest hesitation. In a few seconds tiny shoots of flame began to spread themselves over the crumpled mass of material. Suarez raised his arm with a menacing gesture.

"This time, young man, I think I've got you dead to rights," said the Spaniard, with a look of satisfied malice. "In less than five minutes those oil-soaked portieres will be a mass of flame. Where, then, will you be?"

"You are a villain, Manuel Suarez, and will pay dearly for this crime," cried the lad, hoarsely.

"Talk is cheap, young fellow. He laughs best who laughs last. I fancy I am laughing last."

He turned to his pals.

"Come," he said, peremptorily. "Grab your bags and let us be off. We have no further use for this place."

Mattocks and Spivins shouldered their burdens, while Suarez himself carried the suitcase, and in this order they left the room, the Spaniard pausing just a moment to cast one last look at his victim toward whose lower limbs the fire was beginning to spread with increasing intensity.

CHAPTER XI.—Loretta Bond.

"Heavens, must I die thus?" cried Lee, straining fiercely at his cords.

It seemed as if he was doomed to a lingering torture, for his bonds held him firmly to the pillar in spite of the muscular effort he brought to bear on them. The oil-soaked draperies gave off a considerable amount of pungent smoke, and this floated toward the open door of the library and gradually ascended to the upper stories. It penetrated to the room occupied by Loretta Bond, whose slumber had not been disturbed by the guarded movements of the burglars while they were in the house. The strong odor of the burning astral oil awakened the sleeping girl. She sat up in bed with a start.

"There is something burning!" she cried, in alarm, leaping from the bed.

She opened the door of the hall, and the whiff of smoke which puffed into her face completed her consternation.

"Oh, heaven!" she exclaimed, almost overcome for the moment by the thought. "The house is surely on fire."

She rushed to the balusters and looked down.

The gas, which Suarez and his associates had left burning, shone through the library door.

"It is the library! Oh, if I can only reach the telephone!" she exclaimed.

She ran swiftly down the stairs, and as her white figure was framed in the doorway, Lee caught sight of her.

"Help me, for heaven's sake!" he cried out to the startled girl.

She saw the lad bound to the white pillar, the portieres gone from their accustomed place, and the creeping flames eating their way through a pile of material gathered around his feet. The picture thus unexpectedly presented to her was so strange and terrifying that she remained rooted to the spot, as though she had suddenly been turned by some enchantment into a graven image.

"Save me! I am bound here and cannot move an inch!" cried Lee, desperately.

His frenzied appeal broke the spell which held her in the doorway. She was a brave girl, and the sight of a human being in peril nerved her to action. She rushed into the room, saw the fire was confined to that one place, and with admirable presence of mind, ran to her father's bed, tore off the spread and flung it over the blazing heap of draperies. It smothered the fire at once, but not satisfied with that one effort she got a blanket and threw it upon the spread. Then she placed a heavy chair on top of all, and the danger was over.

"You are a brave girl," said Lee, who had watched her well-directed movements with admiration, as she paused panting in front of him. "You have saved my life."

"Who are you, and why are you here and in such a terrible position? What has happened in this house?" Then as her eyes wandered around the two rooms, she turned white. "Merciful heaven! We have been robbed!"

"If you will cut me loose I'll tell you all about it. You will find a knife in my pocket—the right one."

Loretta drew out the pocket-knife and, with its sharp blade, set Lee free.

"Thank you, miss," he said, gratefully, as he returned the knife to his pocket. "You reached me in the nick of time. You had better return to your room and dress yourself, or you will catch cold. While you are doing that I will go down to the cellar and release your coachman and gardener, who, like myself, were surprised by the burglars. But, first of all, I will notify the police by telephone."

When Loretta recollected that she was clad only in her nightgown, she blushed vividly and flew for the stairs.

"You will go away," she cried, pausing a moment on the first step.

"No," replied Lee. "Not till I have seen you again and explained the situation."

He called up the telephone branch office and asked to be connected with the precinct station. To the sergeant in charge he told what had occurred, described Suarez and his two companions, said they had left the house laden with their booty only about fifteen minutes before, and indicated the direction they had undoubtedly taken, not forgetting a description of the old

mansion near Jerome Avenue, the exact location of which he could not state.

"It is now up to the police to do something," said the boy to himself. "If they rush a posse by patrol-wagon to the neighborhood of the ancient mansion they ought to be able to cut those villains off and recover Mr. Bond's property."

Then Lee descended to the kitchen, found and lighted a lamp, and went into the cellar. The coachman and the gardener, now conscious, were trussed together like a pair of fowl on the way to market. Templeton quickly cut them loose.

"My heavens!" cried Harley. "Where have you been all this time?"

"In a worse scrape than yourselves. Come up to the second floor and I will show you what I have been up against."

The three walked up to the library. The gardener and the coachman were staggered by the evidences of pillage and ruin which the two rooms presented. Lee explained to them how the Spaniard had treated him, and said he owed his life to Miss Bond, who had, fortunately, appeared at the critical moment, put out the fire and released him from a perilous situation. He did not consider it necessary to refer to his previous adventures in connection with Suarez and his gang, at least not to the gardener and the coachman. He told the whole story, however, without reserve to Loretta Bond later on, when they sat together alone, after the two men had removed all traces of the fire from the place. His recital, however, was interrupted by a policeman from the station, sent by the sergeant to find out the particulars of the robbery and extent of the loss. As soon as the officer had taken his departure, Lee finished his story.

"You have had a most remarkable, as well as terrible, experience, Mr. Templeton," said Loretta, regarding the young man with unfeigned interest. "It sounds almost like a chapter from an exciting novel. And then, just to think, I have actually had a part in it myself."

"A part I shall never forget, Miss Bond, as long as I live," said Lee, earnestly.

Miss Loretta blushed and smiled.

"I expect my father back to-day," she said. "He has been away three months on business for his company."

"The Reading Coal & Iron Company, you mean?"

"Yes. How did you know he was connected with that company?" she asked, somewhat surprised.

"Your gardener told me that Mr. Bond was the company's chief engineer."

"That's right. As I was saying, I expect him home to-day, which is fortunate under these distressing circumstances. I have not the slightest idea what our loss is, but papa will know, of course, at once. All our silverware and, what is worse, poor dead mamma's jewels, which papa gave me, have been taken. There were also many valuable securities in the safe. Then our most costly ornaments, which were kept in these rooms, are gone. Altogether we have lost a great deal. I hope the police will be able to capture the robbers and restore to us our property, much of which could not be replaced."

"I sincerely hope they may be arrested, for I

myself shall not feel safe until Manuel Suarez has been put behind the bars," said Lee.

"What an awfully wicked man he must be!" she cried.

"He certainly is a thoroughly bad man."

Loretta accompanied Lee to the door.

"Father will wish to see and talk to you about this trouble," she said. "Will it be possible for you, as a special favor, to call on us this evening?"

"I will make it a point to do so."

"Thank you. I am ever so much obliged."

"Miss Bond, please don't put it that way. It is I who am under the deepest obligations to you. I consider it my duty to oblige you in every way possible."

"You are very kind to say so," she said, with a slight blush.

Then they shook hands like old friends, and Lee took his leave.

CHAPTER XII.—The Lost Package.

It was after five o'clock when Lee reached home that morning. As he naturally expected, he found his mother and sister in a state bordering on distraction over his prolonged and unexplained absence. They supposed, of course, that he had gone to the precinct station on 125th street, and when he did not return by eleven May took the car over to see what detained him. She was surprised and worried to find out that he had not been there, nor had he been sent for by the officers in charge. The girl returned home and neither she nor her mother slept a wink that night.

It was a long and exciting story Lee had to tell them about his night's adventures, though in consideration for their feelings he suppressed the most serious part of the case. He preferred they should not learn the real truth just yet, until the Spaniard should have been arrested, lest they be worried for his future safety. However, they looked upon the matter as sufficiently serious to entreat him to be very careful whom he trusted hereafter.

"You can bet your last nickel I won't take any more chances after this," he assured them. "I've had experience enough to last me a lifetime."

"I should hope that you had," replied Mrs. Templeton, with a shudder.

"What a wonderful old house that must be to have secret panels and hidden passages, just like what I have read about in the old houses and mediæval castles of Europe," said May, with a look of intense interest. "Why, Lee, if I had seen that painting of the severed head you described, under the same circumstances, I should have fainted dead away," she added, with a little shiver.

"I have no doubt but you would," replied her brother. "And that reminds me of the package I found all covered with dust in that closet behind the picture."

"A package!" she cried. "Do let me see it."

"Sure," and Lee inserted his hand in the inside pocket of his jacket, where he remembered having put it. "Why, it can't be that I have lost it?" he added, when he discovered the pocket to be empty.

"Lost it!" exclaimed May. "How provoking!"

He tried his other pockets, but there was no sign of the brown paper package.

"Well, that's too bad. Where could it have got to?" much disappointed. "Do you know, sis, I had an idea there was something valuable in it, on account of the careful way it was done up, and the place I found it in."

"Isn't that mean?" said May, for her curiosity had been excited.

"Well, it is mean, for a fact. Maybe it dropped out at Mr. Bond's. I took my coat off there, to see if it had been scorched."

"Scorched! Why, what do you mean?" asked May, in surprise, for Lee had been careful not to mention the fire incident.

"Oh, nothing," replied Lee, quickly and with apparent carelessness.

"What sort of a package was it? How big?"

"About so big," and her brother indicated its size and shape.

"How thick?"

"I should say an inch."

"It might have been money," cried May. "You careless boy, to go and lose it."

"I hardly think it could have been money; yet that is about the size of a package of bills."

"Of course it is."

"Well, what's the use of crying over spilled milk? It's gone."

"That's the way with you girls. Now, I think I'll turn in for an hour. You must wake me up in time for a bite and my usual train."

Lee felt rather rocky when he started downtown to business in the morning. He wasn't used to being deprived of a night's rest. He missed his regular train by ten minutes, and Sam Hawkins didn't wait for him. Having no one to talk to he fell asleep before he reached 110th street, and did not awake till the guard, who knew him and his destination, yelled "Hanover Square!" in his ear. The walk from the station to the office brightened him up a bit, so that when he went to his desk he began to feel something like his old self again. As soon as Mr. Scott arrived, however, Lee went in to see him.

"Can I have your attention a little while, sir?" he asked his employer. "The matter is important and relates to Manual Suarez."

"Certainly," said the broker, swinging around in his chair and facing him.

Lee then acquainted him with everything that had occurred to him on the preceding night, including the events of the morning. Mr. Scott was, naturally, very much astonished. The boy had hardly finished his story, which he had made as brief as possible, when Mr. Johnson, the detective, was announced. Of course Lee had to go over his experiences again for the information of the sleuth. Johnson was much impressed by his narrative.

"You seem to have had a tough time of it, my lad. This Spaniard is an out-and-out scoundrel, and a particularly dangerous one. Where is that old mansion situated?"

"It is on a side street off Jerome avenue, about two miles above Central Bridge. That is about as close as I can come to it, for I was taken there in the dark in a carriage. The neighborhood is very thinly built up. It is a large, old-fashioned dwelling, standing back about one hun-

dred feet from the street line, and doesn't look as if it were occupied."

"It can be found easily enough," said the detective, confidently. "Suarez may have rented it; or the property may be involved in some interminable lawsuit, and the Spaniard, getting wind of the fact, took possession of it on the quiet, as its lonesome situation would just suit his purposes. As you say you put the Bronx police on the track of both the rascals and the mansion, it is probable they have taken charge of the place, even if they have failed to catch the crooks. Suarez is a mighty clever villain, and it is evident that this bond matter of yours," to Mr. Scott, "is but a drop in the bucket of his operations. This must be the very gang the Secret Service people are after."

"I think I had better telephone to the Bronx station that has the matter in hand and find out what developments, if any, have occurred."

"I wish you would," said the detective; "it would save me the trouble of doing so."

Mr. Scott pulled his desk 'phone towards him and opened up communication with the police station in question. The following particulars were learned: That Suarez and his two pals had been overtaken that morning not far from the old house and put up a fight, when two of the officers were wounded; one of the crooks, recognized as Spivins, an old hand, captured, and the property stolen from the Bond residence recovered; the Spaniard and Mattocks eluded the police and escaped; the old house was subsequently taken possession of by the authorities.

"I think I see the finish of this gang, but that will not be until Manuel Suarez has been put behind the bars. You need have no fear now, Mr. Scott, that the receipt for those \$17,550 bonds of Reading Railroad bonds will ever turn up. Suarez made an unlucky move when he brought those bonds here for sale and then monkeyed with this messenger of yours. I've seen plucky lads in my time, but I feel no hesitation in saying this boy is the pluckiest of them all. At any rate, he's the Spaniard's hoodoo."

CHAPTER XIII.—May Templeton Has Fun at Her Brother's Expense.

The interest Lee felt in the capture of Manual Suarez drove all thoughts of Morris Fletcher and his operations from his head for the time being. As soon as possible he bought a copy of an early edition of an afternoon paper, and found the burglary at Mr. Bond's house duly reported, together with the information that Mr. Scott had received over the wire, dressed up in the usual reportorial style. Lee was disappointed not to find any later developments. Sam came into the office about one o'clock, looking for him to go to lunch, and they went around to Broad street together.

"You look as if you'd been up all night," remarked Sam, inquisitively. "Had a toothache?"

"No," replied Lee.

"Somebody sick in the family?"

Templeton shook his head.

"Been to the lodge?" grinned Sam.

"What lodge would I go to?"

"Oh, any old thing. A wedding, birthday party, smoker, or such. Whatever it was, you're uncommonly close about it," grumbled his fat chum.

"Don't get mad, Sam," replied Lee, soothingly. "You don't know but I was studying stock reports for the week."

"Oh, come, now, you can't put that down my throat," said the fat boy, knowingly. "I guess you don't want to let on where you were last night. Isn't that about the size of it?"

"Well, to be honest with you, that is the size of it. I have reasons for keeping my movements last night a secret even from you, Sam; but you shall know all about it in due time."

"Must be something mighty important for you to make so much mystery out of it," said Sam, curiously.

"You shall judge of that yourself, after a while."

"All right; let it go at that," replied the fat boy, as they walked into their customary quick-lunch house.

That afternoon Lee noticed an item in a financial journal to the effect that the output of the Reading Coal & Iron Company had been greatly below its usual average for the current year. The article also stated that the company was prospecting a new property which it had acquired in the spring, and hopes were entertained that coal would be found on it. The company's stock had depreciated from 80 to 50 within a year and a half, and that unless there was a change for the better in its prospects a still further decline in its securities might be looked for.

"The last time I looked at the indicator it was quoted at 47," he mused, after reading the above.

In another part of the same paper he saw the announcement that the annual meeting of the board of directors would take place on Friday afternoon of that week. That put him in mind of Morris Fletcher and what he said about the practical bankruptcy of the company.

"I guess your name will be mud, Mr. Fletcher, after I tell Mr. Bond to-night about the game you are up to and the elegant company you keep. As to your pointer, I guess it's worth a million, all right, to any man with the cash to back it. I'll bet there are hundreds of men in the Street who would give a fat wad to know what I do about the Reading Coal & Iron Company. It's no use to me, as I haven't any money to invest on the strength of it, and I doubt if I could make anything out of it by trying to dispose of the information, for I have no means of proving it. The only thing for me to do is to go over the matter with Mr. Bond. I may be doing him a good turn by making him wise to the subject, in which case he'll no doubt take a friendly interest in me, and that would just suit me, for Miss Loretta is a very pretty girl and exactly my style."

After supper Lee dressed himself in his best clothes and announced his intention of visiting the Bonds. There was a provoking little smile on his sister's face, as she remarked, sweetly:

"I suppose Miss Loretta Bond is the magnet that attracts you to the Bronx. Is she pretty?"

"Oh, come, now, sis, you want to know too much all at once," answered Lee, with a blush.

"Why what are you blushing for?" she asked with dancing eyes.

"I'm not blushing," protested the boy, with an added flush.

"Aren't you? Mother, look at Lee's face."

Mrs. Templeton glanced at her manly-looking boy and smiled.

"Don't worry about my face," said the lad. "I feel warm, that's all."

"Oh, aren't we got up regardless to-night! I never saw you put on so many grills before, when you went out calling. Why, I can smell the white rose perfume on your handkerchief from here."

"That's the way with sisters," grinned Lee. "Always butting in. You don't hear me saying anything when you spend an hour or two over your twilight on those occasions when Harry Spencer is expected to call here."

"Oh, aren't you horrid!" cried May, blushing like a June rose. "The idea! An hour or two at my toilet! It's no such thing. I have to make myself presentable."

"I notice you don't take all that trouble when Sam Hawkins drops in. Any old thing seems good enough then."

"Why, he doesn't come to see me, you good-for-nothing boy! He's your particular company."

"What of it? He thinks you're the whole thing; all right."

"Why, the idea!" and she laughed heartily. "Does he, really?"

"That's what he does. Told me so many times. You don't know what you're missing in Sam."

"Oh, I like Sam well enough," she said, with a smile. "But isn't he just dreadfully fat?"

"Yes, he is a trifle stout," Lee admitted, with a chuckle.

"A trifle stout. Ha, ha, ha! Why, he can hardly get in at that door."

"Nonsense! There are a lot of girls who would give everything they possess except their clothes, of course, to have Sam for a beau."

"Dear me, I ought to feel highly honored at his preference," she giggled.

"I should say you ought. Why, Harry Spencer isn't in his class. He's a dude."

"Mother, did you hear that?" cried May.

"You mustn't tease your sister, Lee," interposed their mother, reprovingly.

"Who's teasing her? I am only trying to make her see——"

"Now, Lee, that's enough on the subject, please," said May.

"All right. If you won't listen to reason, I'm off," and he grabbed his hat.

"Lee," spoke up the little mother, "be home early. You didn't sleep a wink last night, you know, and I shall feel nervous if you are out late again."

"All right, mother. I won't stay late. So long, sis."

CHAPTER XIV.—Lee Calls on Loretta Bond and Her Father.

It was a little after eight when Lee rang the bell at the Bond residence on Boston Road. A maid opened the door, and Lee asked for Miss Loretta Bond.

"Who shall I say?" asked the girl, as he stepped into the hall.

"Lee Templeton."

The maid showed him into the parlor and lit the gas. Then she went upstairs. In a moment or two Loretta, looking just too lovely for anything, so thought Lee, tripped down from above and entered the parlor. It was clear she had been expecting Lee.

"It is very kind of you to call," she said, allowing her hand to rest in his for a moment.

"Not at all," he replied, smiling. "You asked me to come, you know, and I wouldn't have disappointed you for the world."

She blushed and smiled.

"Come up to the library. Papa is there, and, of course, he wants to make you acquaintance. I suppose you have seen in the paper that we have recovered all of our property, and that one of the thieves was arrested?"

"Yes. I have received notice to appear at the Tombs Police Court to-morrow morning."

"I am pleased to know you, Mr. Templeton," said Mr. Bond, when Loretta presented Lee to her father.

The chief engineer of the Reading Coal & Iron Company was a fine-looking gentleman of perhaps fifty years.

"I wish to thank you for the plucky effort which you made this morning to save my property. I am satisfied it was through no fault of yours that you did not succeed. I deeply regret that you suffered at the hands of those rascals in this room, and am thankful my daughter proved equal to the emergency."

"I owe my life to her, Mr. Bond. In my opinion, she is one girl in a thousand, and you must feel very proud of her. But for her the house might even have been destroyed."

Mr. Bond looked pleased as Lee praised his only child, whom he almost idolized, while Loretta blushed like a June rose.

"According to the story you told my daughter, and which she has repeated to me, you have had a very thrilling chapter of experience with those scoundrels. If you have no objection, I should like to listen to it again from your own lips."

Lee was quite willing to oblige him, and began with the Spaniard's visit to Mr. Scott's office. Both the chief engineer and his daughter were horrified with the lad's description of what he went through at No. 1 Broadway. Templeton then went on to state how he had been kidnapped from his home and carried to the old mansion in the Bronx. When he told about the weird-looking painting of the severed head, which he had skipped in his narrative to Loretta, the young miss shuddered.

"That room must be awfully spooky," she said.

"The picture is, at any rate," replied Lee. "However, if it had not aroused in me such peculiar sensations I should not have bothered with it, and so would not have discovered the secret cupboard and the passage beyond, nor have known of the Spaniard's intention to rob this house, as well as other matters I regard as important, nor should I have been able to leave the mansion as I did."

Then Lee spoke about the package he found in the cupboard, and afterwards missed when he reached home

"A brown paper packet, well wrapped up?" asked Loretta quickly.

"Yes, that is it," he said, eagerly. "Did you find it? I wondered if I could have dropped it in this room."

"Yes, I found it under the end of that lounge. I thought it might have been left by one of the burglars. I will get it."

It was lying on top of the open safe, and she ran over and brought it to him.

"Thank you," he said, slipping it into his pocket again. "I will examine it when I get home."

"It might contain something of value," she remarked. "And findings is keepings, you know."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Lee. "The fact that I found it in that old house does not necessarily make me the owner of it."

"Not if its rightful owner should turn up and claim it," said Mr. Bond. "But if you should not be able to locate the person to whom it belongs—he might be dead and his heirs not discoverable—you will have a legal right to retain whatever the package may contain."

"I suppose that's fair enough."

"Quite so. The law of finding is that the finder has a clear title against every one but the owner. This law was declared by the King's Bench, in England, over 100 years ago in a case where a person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to give them up on the ground that they were found on the premises. The former then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held that against all the world but the owner the title of the finder is perfect."

"I am very glad to know that," said Lee. "Now I will go on with my story. I have something to tell which I am sure will interest you, sir, as it directly concerns the interests of the Reading Coal & Iron Co., of which you are the chief engineer and, as I understand, a large stockholder."

"Indeed! What is it?" asked Mr. Bond, in some surprise.

"I may say right here that my story will reflect strongly upon Mr. Morris Fletcher, the company's secretary."

"In what way?"

"You will have to take my word for what I am going to repeat to you, Mr. Bond, as I have no way of proving the matter. My disclosure may seem incredible to you, sir, but I assure you on my word of honor that it is absolutely true."

"Do I understand you to mean that your statement will connect Mr. Fletcher with some unworthy transaction?"

"Yes, sir. He is on friendly terms with this very Spaniard, Manuel Suarez, who attempted to do me up in connection with the bonds and the robbery of this house."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Bond, incredulously.

"I leave you to judge for yourself, sir."

Whereupon Lee gave the chief engineer a succinct account of the interview he had overheard in the old mansion between Suarez and Fletcher.

Mr. Bond's interest in the story grew as it proceeded. The boy's statement clearly bore the impress of truth, and greatly impressed his listener.

"Did you ever see Mr. Fletcher before?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Then, of course, you cannot be sure the person to whom you refer actually is our Morris Fletcher."

"But he said he was secretary of the Reading Coal & Iron Company."

"Describe his personal appearance as near as you can."

Lee did so, and Mr. Bend drew a long breath.

"I am afraid you are right after all, Mr. Templeton. You have described our secretary almost to a hair. So the man is a rascal. And it appears Duncan Matthews, the president, is tarred with the same brush. Well," grimly, "he has killed the goose to get its golden eggs. He has been just a little too previous in his estimation of the future of the Reading Company. Far from being bankrupt at this moment, the company never was in better shape to bring confusion into the ranks of its traducers."

"But, Mr. Bond, if the company defaults in the January interest of its first mortgage bonds, will it not go into the hands of a receiver?"

"The company will not default. When I appear before the board of directors next Friday afternoon I shall present facts and figures which will make all the difference in the world with the future prospects of the company. What I am telling you now, Mr. Templeton, is in strict confidence. It must go no further, do you understand? It must not reach the ears of Wall Street in advance of action on the part of the board. Last spring the Reading Company purchased additional property in Pennsylvania, with the hope that coal might be discovered on it."

"I saw a statement to that effect in a Wall Street journal to-day," said Lee.

"Well, that expectation has just been realized. I have been conducting the surveys and prospecting for three months past. I have found coal, and a very extensive and valuable bed of it at that. I have returned to report in person to the board. For more than a year the unstable outlook of the company has caused its securities to depreciate in value. This discovery, however, will transform them into the class known as gilt edged. In conclusion, I will say to you, young man, here is the opportunity for you to make a little money. If you can raise any funds at all, invest it in R. C. & I. Co. on a 10 per cent. margin. It is now ruling at 47. Buy to-morrow. You can take my word for it that the stock will not go below 45, and on Saturday morning it will begin a boom which will carry it into the 80's, if not higher."

"I am much obliged to you for the tip, Mr. Bond," said Lee, gratefully.

"You are welcome to it. All I request of you is not to confide this pointer to any one else. Use it yourself, if you can, but it must rest there."

"You may rely on me, sir."

"I am sure I can, else I had not trusted you with the knowledge."

"Shall you want to use me as a witness against Mr. Fletcher?"

"I shall probably ask you to appear before a special meeting of a majority of the directors and tell them what you have told me. They will then decide what action to take against their unworthy secretary and president."

Lee then finished the story up to the moment he was saved by Loretta Bond. After that he spent a very pleasant hour with the gentleman and his lovely daughter. When he left, at a quarter to ten, he promised Loretta that he would call again at an early date.

CHAPTER XV.—How He Got There.

It may seem funny, but, as a matter of fact, Lee didn't think of that brown paper package Loretta had returned to him until he was in the act of retiring for the night. His thoughts had been engaged with the money-making possibilities of the pointer confided to him by Mr. Bond.

"If I only had \$5,000 now I could buy a thousand shares of Reading Coal & Iron Co. stock on a ten per cent. margin, and if it went up eventually to 80, as Mr. Bond says it surely will, as he is in the position to judge pretty accurately, why, I'd clear \$40,000. Think of that! Ye gods! I could buy a fine house for mother and sis to live in. Unfortunately, I haven't got \$5,000, nor the tenth part of that sum. I have only \$250 in the bank and mighty lucky I am to have that."

Lee had accumulated that modest amount by fortunate investments on the market at various times. He put in much of his time studying Stock Exchange methods, with a view to the future, when he expected to be in a better position to utilize his knowledge. And now he was suddenly put in possession of a tip worth thousands of dollars to any person with the capital to back it.

"I don't see how I can raise a dollar more than I've got," he mused, as he removed his coat and hung it up.

Then he began to figure on what he could accomplish with his \$250.

"I can buy just 50 shares. Well, that's better than nothing. I ought to realize \$1,500 on them when R. C. & I. Co. gets up in the 80's."

It was when he was unloosening his necktie that he recollects about the package.

"Gee! I wonder where my wits are going? I'll just look into that thing now and see what it contains."

He got it from his pocket and held it under the gasjet.

"It is done up carefully enough, goodness knows, to warrant the supposition that it holds something valuable. Well, here goes!" and he took a pair of scissors. "Stop! I will make a wish first. I'll imagine this is Aladdin's Lamp, and I wish this may be worth—let me see, I'll put it low, \$5,000 at least. There now," he grinned at the package, "if you're any good at all you might at any rate do me that favor."

With considerable eagerness and curiosity Lee cut the strings, tore the paper asunder and saw—well, don't mention it!—a pile of bank bills.

"Is this a dream?" he almost shouted.

No, he had never been more wide awake in his

life. He unpinned the slip which held them together and counted them. There were fifty of them, every one stamped \$500—in all \$25,000.

"Say, this beats everything!"

His joy was damped by the reflection which soon came to him that this money did not really belong to him.

"I suppose I'll have to hunt up the owner, for I wasn't brought up that way. However, until the owner does turn up the money belongs to the finder; that's what Mr. Bond says, and he seems to know the law pretty well. Under these circumstances am I justifiable in using this money for my own profit before a reasonable time shall have passed? I am afraid not; but as I have a sure thing on the market, I think I can take the risk of stretching the point. I'll dream over it."

Lee was permitted to sleep until nearly eight o'clock next morning. When he sat down to breakfast he was feeling like a bird. He had decided to use the \$25,000 to make his fortune in Wall street, and after he had realized on his deal he would look up the owner of the brown paper packet. Sam was waiting for him at the station. As soon as an express came along they boarded it and were soon being whirled downtown.

"That was quite a burglary up at the Bond residence in the Bronx," remarked Sam. "They've caught one of the crooks and got all of the stuff back."

Lee didn't say anything, for he was reading the fuller account of the affair in the morning paper. His name wasn't mentioned, nor anything about what he had been through. That information had been suppressed by the Bonds, and Lee was thankful to avoid the publicity such a sensational experience would have given him. He grinned as he listened to his chum's comments on the story.

"The papers these days seem to print little else than the doings of criminals," said Sam, as he folded up his paper and put it in his pocket. "I asked dad last night what caused most of the crime in the world."

"What did he say?" asked Lee, with some interest.

"Drink. Now what bothers me is what causes drink?"

"That's easy," grinned Lee.

"Ho! How is it easy? What causes so many people to drink, you're so smart?" snorted Sam.

"Why, thirst," snickered Lee.

"Hanover Square!" roared the guard at this interesting point, and the two boys got out.

Lee went to the Tombs police court at ten o'clock, where Spivins waived examination, and before he returned to the office he made a call at a big bank, which he knew had a department for buying stocks, and was shown into the little office of the gentlemen who attended to that branch of its business.

"I wish you to purchase for me 5,000 shares of Reading Coal & Iron Co., on the usual margin, at the market price, which is 46 just now," said Lee.

"I am afraid I couldn't take such a large order from a boy without knowing something about you."

"My name is Lee Templeton. I live at No. — West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. I work for Rutherford P. Scott, of No. — Wall Street, and I can refer you to Mr. George Bond, chief engineer of the Reading Coal & Iron Co., of No. — Boston Road. You can communicate with him by telephone, either at the company's offices or at his home."

"Wait a moment," he said, after making notes of what Lee had told him.

He went to the bank telephone and opened up communication with Mr. Bond first of all. He reached the engineer at the offices of the company, and what that gentleman said satisfied the bank official.

"I will take the order," he said when he came back. "You are a large dealer for one so young."

Lee paid him \$23,000 in cash to secure the bank against loss, and the institution undertook to advance the difference between that and the market value of the stock—207,000. Friday afternoon, when the directors of the Reading Coal & Iron Co. met, Duncan Matthews, the president, and Morris Fletcher, the secretary, were treated to "the surprise of their lives. Subsequently both Matthews and Fletcher were compelled to resign. Next morning the news that a great discovery of coal had been made on the new property of the Reading Company was known all over the Street, and as a consequence there was a big scramble for the stock on the Exchange that day. When the Exchange closed at noon R. C. & I. had risen to 60. On Monday the floor was in an uproar over the stock, and it rose in bounds of a point at a time, touching 75 before three o'clock. And you may be sure Lee kept track of it. At that figure he had a profit on paper of \$145,000, which was enough to turn almost any person's head wild with happiness. Something happened that day, however, that gave him almost greater satisfaction than the money he had made. That was the capture of Manuel Suarez and Mattocks by Mr. Johnson and a couple of the Secret Service men. At the trial of the three crooks, which came off in due time, Lee's thrilling experiences came to light, and he became famous in Wall Street in a day.

Not only that, but the fact that he had cleared \$225,000 by selling 5,000 shares of Reading Coal & Iron Co. at 91 5-8 a few days before the conviction of the burglars earned him the title on the Street of "The Boy Who Got There."

The day Suarez and his pals were sentenced to a 20-year term at Sing Sing prison, Mr. Scott handed Lee a check for \$500 in recognition of what he had suffered in the broker's interest in the bond affair. Lee also participated to the extent of \$5,000 in the rewards paid for the arrest and conviction of the perpetrators of the Tarrytown and other big robberies, as well as for certain forgeries of Government bonds. To-day Lee is a most important factor in Wall Street, whose personality would be immediately recognized if we were permitted to print his real name.

Next week's issue will contain "SURE TO GET RICH; or, A SMART YOUNG MESSENGER."

CURRENT NEWS

SNAP-ON EYE SHADES FOR SPECTACLES

For workers under strong or glaring lights a small shade has been devised, says *Popular Mechanics*, which will be a boon to those who wear glasses.

The shades are made of a translucent material which has the effect of mellowing the light-glare and can be snapped on and off the spectacle-frames in an instant, thus obviating the necessity of having another pair for street wear.

The eye-strain and fatigue from working under powerful lights should be greatly lessened by this practical device.

TYPEWRITING RECORD

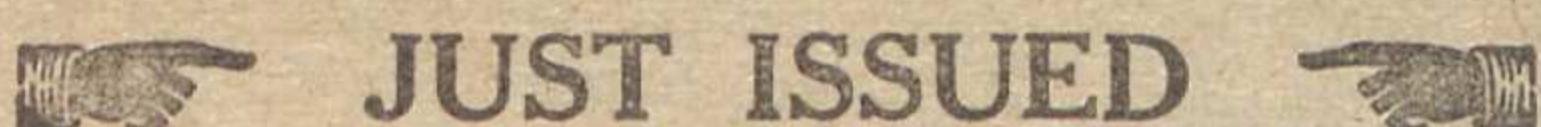
The almost incredible record for typewriting, set by Albert Tangora of Paterson, N. J., a few days ago, at the annual Business Show held at the Sixty-ninth Regiment armory, Lexington avenue and Twenty-sixth street, New York City, will remain a mark for speed demons to aim at for a long time, according to authorities at the exhibition.

Tangora pounded out 9,120 words in an hour and, after penalties were deducted, was still credited with a speed of 147 words a minute. He beat by a single word George Hossfield, four times holder of the record.

REPLACES CLOCK WITH A WEATHER INDICATOR

On the tower of the German Museum in Munich in the dial plate of what is probably the only public barometer of its kind in existence. It shows the weather conditions for the city of Munich very accurately. The figures on the dial show the height of the mercury in centimeters; 71 is the average height for Munich, so that a swing to the right indicates fair weather, to the left bad times ahead.

The hand on the tower is connected electrically to an ordinary spring barometer which is located elsewhere in the building and whose slightest movement is automatically followed by the tower hand.

 JUST ISSUED

A ROUSING DETECTIVE STORY in

MYSTERY MAGAZINE, No. 145

Get a copy and read

“ON THE YELLOWS”

By FRANK BLIGHTON

It contains a fine plot—how a man, convicted by a fingerprint, became involved in an exciting revolt in prison and finally proved that fingerprints can be forged.

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“THE MATE OF ‘THE MOOSE’”

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This number contains Edwin A. Goewey's exciting story

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In addition there are three short detective stories—“THE TIGER-EYE EMERALD,” by Hugh Thomason; “MAN TO MAN,” by Hamilton Craigie; “PETER'S PRETTY PLAY,” by Robert Russell. Also a special article showing how the cleverest crooks in the world invariably leave some clue behind that betrays them—“TRIFLING SLIPS TRIP MOST CROOKS” is the title and Allan Van Hoesen is the author. There are also a number of short, snappy articles—DO NOT MISS READING THEM!

PRICE 10 CENTS A COPY

OUT TODAY ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

Wrecked On The Desert

—OR—

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Madness And Mystery.

What has happened at the desert home?

Arthur Morley could have told some of it, but even he could not understand it all.

After Jack left with Nemo, Pedro came to Arthur with word that Miss Edna would be pleased to have him join her on the broad piazza, which extended along the full length of the house, if he was so inclined, and offered to help him out.

Before this, a cane had been provided for the boy, and, by aid of this and Pedro's shoulder, Arthur managed to hobble to the piazza, where he found Edna standing by a table arranging flowers in a number of vases.

"I just couldn't leave you alone there in your room, Mr. Morley," said the girl. "It must be so dull for you. Take that rocking chair. Pedro, go to the kitchen and get a chair for Mr. Morley to rest his foot on. Aren't these flowers lovely? I am so fond of handling them. It is my favorite recreation."

She rattled on, as Arthur heartily responded. When he had been made comfortable and the arranging of the flowers was completed, Edna seated herself and began on some sort of fancy knitting.

"Are you always busy?" Arthur asked.

"Always. I never stop working at something," she replied. "I suppose I take after my father. It is the same with him. But tell me, are you worrying about this crisis in our affairs? I judge so from your face, and you mustn't. My father is a good man, Mr. Morley. He has been kind to many an unfortunate. Heaven will protect him."

"I'm anxious about you, I must confess," replied Arthur. "If we should be attacked in the absence of your father and Jack, I should be but poor protection."

"Don't think of it. I confess I am a bit concerned myself, and was sorry father thought it necessary to go out on the desert at such a time, but he knows best. Would you like to have me play and sing for you?"

"Very much, if it won't delay your work."

"Oh, this is nothing that there is any haste about. I will get the guitar."

She arose and went into the house, quickly returning with the instrument.

"What shall it be?" she asked.

"Play me a Spanish dance," replied Arthur. "I love them."

She played La Cachuca, and was just beginning on another, when Andy, the hunchback, suddenly

put in an appearance around the corner of the house.

"There comes the cook, and he looks excited," breathched Edna. "I wonder what the matter is now?"

"Come, Andy!" she called. "Out with it. Don't be afraid to speak. What is the trouble?"

"Juan is gone, and so is Pedro," replied Andy. "I can't find either one of them. The master had a right to stay at home at a time like this."

"Aren't they upon the farm?" asked Edna.

"No, miss. They are not. I have looked. I can't find them anywhere. It's more than an hour since I first missed them."

The hunchback sat down on the top step and buried his head in his hands.

"That fellow knows more than he has told," thought Arthur, whose anxiety had greatly increased.

"Cheer up," said Edna. "I'm not afraid."

"I am!" cried Andy, raising his head. "There's death in the air for some one; I feel it—I know it. Who shall it be? Those who would be better dead don't die. You couldn't kill 'em with an axe. I'm one of 'em. I ought to have been dead years ago, and you know about it."

"Hush, hush," said Edna. "Let us have no more such mad talk."

"Mad, yes. I'm mad, of course. So are we all, but you, I think. Why did they turn on the master? He's one good man. It was wicked, I say."

Again the hunchback buried his face in his hands, and they heard him sob.

Edna arose, quietly, and stepped behind Arthur's chair.

"There's something wrong—something is going to happen," she whispered. "Are you armed?"

"I have my revolver, yes," Arthur breathed.

"Look out for yourself. I must leave you. I—I have another to think of. If all is well in that quarter, I will be right back."

"Be careful."

"I intend to," she replied, and glided into the house.

For several moments the hunchback remained motionless, then, suddenly raising his head, he observed Edna's absence, and sprang to his feet.

"Where is she?" he cried. "Where did she go?"

"Into the house," replied Arthur.

"Good! Now is my time. I didn't like to do it before her, but I will do it now. You and the other one are the cause of all this. I'll fix you!"

The ferocity of his manner was terrible. He made a rush at Arthur, and, before the boy could raise a hand in self-defense, clutched him by both wrists, dragged him from the chair and down the piazza steps.

"Stop! Stop! Calm yourself!" cried Arthur. "What would you do?"

"I ought to kill you!" hissed the hunchback. "That's what I ought to do. This is no place for strangers. You and the other one are responsible. If she is harmed you are all to blame."

It was a tough ordeal for poor Arthur.

All he could do was to keep his game leg in the air as the dwarf dragged him on, for free himself from that terrible grip of the little man was impossible.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

ASPIRIN WILL FRESHEN CUT FLOWERS

A Paris savant says that an ordinary aspirin tablet dissolved in warm water will freshen the most delicate cut flowers in vases, while a piece of cotton soaked in a similar solution and wrapped around the stem of a flower worn in the button-hole will keep it fresh for a long period.

WORD OF HONOR ENOUGH

Traveling from Montana to Eaton, O., without escort, Robert Kiracofe, age twenty, reached Eaton, Ind., and surrendered to the County Sheriff, as he promised to do. On arraignment in the Preble County Circuit Court on a charge of grand larceny, he pleaded not guilty and went to jail in default of bond of \$300.

Kiracofe, it is alleged, took hogs from Preble County to Dayton, sold them and failed to account to the owner, his uncle, for the proceeds of the sale. Kiracofe, who is said to have been accompanied by another young man of Preble County, was arrested in a small town in Montana. Instead of going after the prisoner, the sheriff decided to "take a chance" on the young man's honor, and forwarded him sufficient money to return to Eaton.

KING CRAB QUITS JAPAN

The king crab, formerly only found in merchantable quantities near Japan, has invaded the waters of Cook Inlet, Prince William Sound, off Sitka and Bering Sea, in such numbers that four canneries in Alaska are packing the giant shell fish. About 20,000 cases is the expected output, worth \$35 a case, or \$700,000.

The king crab measures from three to five feet from tip to tip of the huge claws, or pinchers, and in weight from four to twelve pounds. The largest specimen of the king crab, of which Dean John N. Cobb of the College of Fisheries, University of Washington, has heard, was found in the nets of a Japanese fisherman, and measured 19 feet from tip to tip, weighing forty pounds.

Just why these crabs should migrate to the American shores is a mystery. Pacific Coast packing plants will turn to crab packing on a large scale.

FISH TELEPHONE THEIR WHEREABOUTS

Fish when they swim make a noise, and this can be detected by the telephone, according to the *Scientific American*, which says:

Most of us have watched with interest the movements of shoals of fish beneath the surface of the sea or of a lake, but few will have associated with those movements the idea of noise. Nevertheless, such movements do make a noise, and Norwegian fishermen, it is said, have taken advantage of that fact to devise an arrangement to assist them in detecting and locating fish at considerable depths. They lower a microphone by means of a wire from their boat into the water, the other end of the wire being connected with a telephone receiver on the boat. As the latter slowly proceeds on her course in search of

a haul, an operator keeps the receiver of the telephone to his ear and he can tell instantly when a shoal of fish is being approached.

OLDEST SKULLS YET FOUND

A new link in the scientific theory of human evolution may be forged from materials found in excavations made on Burton Mound, near Santa Barbara, Cal., by J. P. Harrington of the Smithsonian Institution. The shape and contour of skulls found indicate they belonged to an age earlier than that in which the Neanderthal man lived in Central Europe, Dr. Harrington believes. The Neanderthal man possessed a far greater expanse of forehead than the Santa Barbara primitive, he said, and comparison of the two crania indicates that the Neanderthal man was in the more advanced stages of civilization.

Proof that the Santa Barbara primitive man possessed crude tools and utensils was found in the hardpan in which the skulls were unearthed. The scientists penetrated the hardpan to a depth of 44 inches below the level; with the skeletal material was found and discovered primitive instruments resembling mortars and pestles made from stone. Rude flints of a cultural age hitherto unknown to archeologists also were found.

Further investigations will be made on the same spot by Dr. Harrington and his assistants. Another body of explorers under Dr. Harrington will go to Point Magu in Ventura County to make further investigation of the spot where the skeleton of a mastodon and other primitive fossilized remains were uncovered recently.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

NEW RADIO SLEW HIS PET MONKEYS

Friends of Captain George Rose, master of the Munson liner *Pan-American*, were disappointed when the vessel docked because of his failure to bring them monkeys for pets as promised. But no one ever doubted the veracity of Captain Rose—not even his friends—so they will be on hand when he returns from South American ports.

When, the *Pan-American* sailed from Santos Brazil, Captain Rose said, he had two monkeys tied with light ropes on the bridge. No one was assigned to watch them so they grasped the first opportunity of chewing through the leashes and in a short time were discovered on the foremast, having climbed up the signal halyards.

Efforts to bring them down were unavailing. They climbed a guy stay to the funnel and sought refuge on a small platform near the whistle. When the whistle was blown in the course of navigation the little fellows scampered out on the wireless antennae, which, according to Captain Rose, were slippery from rain. They slipped from one end of the antennae to the other—this is the skipper's story—when suddenly they were electrocuted and fell to the deck. The wireless operators were sending out messages; hence the electric current.

REDUCE ANTENNA RESISTANCE

It is estimated by engineers that the current picked up by the antenna is about three-trillionths of the energy broadcast from the transmitting station's aerial. Conservation of the feeble impulses is extremely important for long-distance reception and loud signals. Resistance in the antenna obstructs much of the performance. So weak are many of the concerts reaching the antenna that a few unnecessary ohms in the wires will make it impossible for the music to get to the receiving instruments. Too much resistance in the antenna is like an obstruction in a water-pipe—the flow is stopped or greatly reduced.

Stranded copper, stranded phosphor bronze or Litzendraht wire provides an easier path for the high frequency currents than a solid wire of copper or phosphor bronze. There is no need of a soldered joint in a single wire antenna as used by most broadcast listeners. The antenna proper can be extended to serve as the lead-in eliminating a break. A join in the wire, although it may be soldered, is likely to cause some resistance due to the difference in metals, the soldering flux between the joints and the effect produced in the wire by the application of the hot soldering iron or torch.

“SPAGHETTI”

“Spaghetti” in radio parlance is varnished tubing or insulated sleeving used to cover wires. It is made by slipping cotton sleeving over nickel-plated wire, thoroughly saturating or impregnating the sleeving with insulating varnish. The dipping and baking process is repeated eight or

ten times, until about a dozen layers of varnish is built up around the cotton tube, giving a breakdown resistance of 7,000 volts. After each coat of varnish is baked on, it is rubbed down with rottenstone and water. The insulating varnish is composed of linseed oil and gum.

There is a difference between “impregnated” and “dipped” spaghetti. Less labor is required in the production of the “dipped” variety and thus it is sold at much lower prices. “Dipped” spaghetti will withstand breakdown tests averaging 5,000 volts. “Radio tube” is another type consisting of a cambric strip rolled into a tube and heavily coated with an insulating compound. This tubing will withstand 1,000 volts and can be used efficiently to insulate the wiring of the radio receiving set.

THE SPEAKING FLAME

It begins to appear as though the carbon microphone, which has long been employed for the conversion of sound waves into electrical variations in wire telephony and radio telephony, is doomed to extinction—at least as far as the radio end of its application is concerned. For wire telephony it must continue in use, because it is simple and fairly efficient; but for the transmission of radio programs the usual carbon microphone is by no means satisfactory. We have already told of the Pallo-photo-phone transmitter used in the WGY broadcasting station of the General Electric Company, and the glow transmitter in the KDKA Westinghouse station. Now we have to report the DeForest speaking flame transmitter, which is a development of Dr. DeForest's phonofilm or talking pictures. “Take the ordinary bat-wing gas burner or a certain form of Welsbach mantel gas light, or special forms of oxy-acetylene gas flames, insert two heat-resisting electrodes therein in proper relation to the flame and to each other, connect these electrodes to an appropriate electro-motive force, and you will then have an extremely sensitive sound converter which gives an electric reproduction of the sound waves in the air enveloping the flame, which is of an entirely different order of fidelity from that ever obtained from any form of microphonic device, using a diaphragm, whether this be of the carbon, electro-magnetic, or electrostatic variety,” states Dr. DeForest. “In my phonofilm work we have found in the same way that when a series of very fine and very short platinum wires are heated to a dull red from a local source of current, the resistance of these wires changes, alternately increasing and decreasing in conformity with the sound waves impinging thereon; so that from a telephone transformer connected in series with a battery and this thermo-microphone, a remarkably faithful representation of the sound waves is obtained, even though the frequency of these be as high as 3,000 per second. The sensitiveness of this device is greatly enhanced through a gentle stream of air, by fluid evaporation in the neighborhood, or by other auxiliary means. Of all the diaphragm

types of transmitters, unquestionably the electrostatic type as perfected by engineers of the Western Electric Company, comes nearest to approximate perfection. While this is extremely insensitive compared with the best carbon microphone types, there is no comparison between the fidelity of reproduction by the two means. But one listening in a telephone to the reproduction by means of the flame microphone, and then by means of the electro-static microphone, will at once exclaim that the fidelity of reproduction in the first case is of quite a different order from that obtained even from the highly perfected diaphragm of the best electro-static microphone."

REDUCTION OF AMPLIFIER NOISES

The construction and operation of the good detector and two-stop amplifier unit which will function in a satisfactory manner over a period of time, is a more or less elusive goal. Some amplifiers, when first constructed, work very well for a few weeks, and then become more and more noisy in operation, a condition which may be due to improperly soldered connections. To avoid this source of annoyance, all soldered connections should be made with a good rosin-cored solder, and never with acid, which causes corrosion later on. Even when all the best practices are strictly adhered to, a two-stage audio-frequency amplifier may be rather noisy in its operation, and nearby stations may produce unpleasant signals when both stages are in use. In order to render the amplifier more quiet in its action, resistances of about one-half megohm, in the form of grid leaks, are connected across the secondaries of the amplifying transformers.

These resistances are usually made so that they may be readily detached from the spring clips which support them, when it is desired to utilize the maximum output of the amplifier for the reception of very weak signals. In other words, these resistances introduce a certain loss which is not appreciable when the signal is strong and the improvement in quality of signals counteracts the slight loss in quantity of sound. Such a device as this resistance has been aptly termed a "losser," for the reason pointed out.

Another source of annoying noise in an amplifier results from partially open circuits in the amplifying transformers. Some types of amplifying transformers have soldered connections to the windings and the flux used in soldering the very fine wire, with which such transformers are wound, in time will corrode the wire, causing an open circuit. This process is accompanied by sounds similar to static, which is apparent even when the amplifier is disconnected from the antenna circuit. The sound gradually becomes more frequent and annoying, and eventually the set is rendered inoperative. The corrosion process is hastened when the apparatus is exposed to dampness which accounts for the failure of many transformers during the summer months. The remedy for this trouble is to employ transformers in which care is exercised to prevent corrosion and the instrument is mechanically strong as well as electrically perfect.

The "A" and "B" batteries are another source of much of the locally developed noise which is

heard in many amplifiers. When either of these units is allowed to deteriorate and is not given proper attention, momentary changes in voltage occur which, though slight, are sufficient to cause a sound in the telephone receivers. Proper charging of the "A" battery and replacement of the "B" batteries when in use for a period equal to their shelf life or when discharged, often remedies this trouble. If the noises still persist, it may be necessary to shunt each battery with a very high resistance to absorb the changes in voltage. It is desirable to resort to such a measure only when absolutely necessary, since such a device is really a "losser" and introduces a certain loss in the circuit.

Another source of trouble in amplifiers lies in the jacks used for plugging in the telephones on the various steps. The contacts in these devices sometimes become oxidized sufficiently to cause imperfect connection or contact.

TONE OF WHISTLE INDICATES SOURCE

Do you sometimes hear a whistling noise while listening to a local concert? If you always hear it the trouble is in your own set and depending on your hook-up could be cleared up by a small fixed condenser across the point of trouble.

If it comes and goes intermittently you may be sure that some neighbor is guilty. His tubes are oscillating and his set is acting as a small transmitter. Every time he moves the rotor coils in his set through some certain position you hear the chirp or howl from the interference set up by his receiver with the carrier wave of the station to which your set is tuned.

But if it is a steady whistle the trouble is probably caused by a distant station transmitting on almost the same wave length as the local station. This is called "heterodyning" and is the same beating effect that you get by striking two notes on the piano at half tone apart. The carrier waves have frequencies of around a million vibrations per second, so that the beats come together much oftener than they can on the piano and the whistling note of the beat is very high pitched.

Since the whistle is caused by the interference of the carrier waves and not of the concert itself, the whistle will continue between selections. When the local station signs off and stops its carrier wave the whistle stops also. Then by tuning your own set a little higher or lower very carefully you should be able to bring in the more distant station that caused the trouble.

The new assignment of wave lengths was supposed to prevent this sort of interference. But the powerful stations can broadcast over such a wide range that a receiver is quite sure some time to pick up two stations on very nearly the same wave. Many of the broadcasting stations have their own listening posts now to check the way the concerts are coming over. If the listening post hears this whistling it tries at once to find what the carrier wave of the other station is. Then it reports to its own station whether to raise or lower the wave length to get further away from the ether. In this way the heterodyning is reduced and the better sets have a chance to cut it out entirely.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

WHISTLING BUOYS

A whistling buoy has traveled from the Canadian Atlantic coast to the Scilly Isles, southwest of Great Britain, and in 1911 a Canadian buoy drifted from Vancouver Island to the Australian coast. The average speed of a drifting Buoy is three miles an hour and sometimes on the edge of the Gulf Stream they have moved at seven miles.

HOW TO GET RID OF ANTS

Popular Mechanics presents a simple and effective method of trapping and permanently disposing of the ubiquitous ant. Soak a sponge in sweetened water and place it where the insects are most frequently found. They will crawl into the pores of the sponge in search of the sweetness, and when the sponge is well tenanted it may be dropped into boiling water. The process may be repeated indefinitely, as the sponge will last a long time. The lure may be used outdoors as well as in by placing the sponge near the holes in the ground.

MOVIES GRIP ALASKA

The film craze grips all Alaska. Motion picture houses in the northern territory have increased 100 per cent. in six months. Theatres are housed, temporary in shacks, lofts and on board anchored ships, in salmon canneries and the roadhouses along the trails.

The movies have supplanted in a large way the card rooms, billiard and pool halls, dancing and gaming. Among Alaskans there is a demand for the so-called society picture of ballroom splendor, exquisite costumes and elaborate settings. The typical "god-forsaken" northern pictures and the wild west Indian-bandit kind do not find favor with the Alaskans. They like those with foreign setting, news reels, comedy and scenic delineation.

To keep up the interest shown in pictures managers have large numbers of films on hand for quick change should any picture prove unfavorable. By an interchange system the whole territory uses the reels.

WHAT DID IT COST TO DISCOVER AMERICA?

The cost of the expedition which resulted in the discovery of the Western Continent has, after a careful inquiry, been estimated at last. The total cost of Columbus's epoch-making voyage has been placed at about \$7,250.

Columbus himself received not more than \$320 for his tremendous labors—a price which seems scarcely adequate. The commanders of his other two ships received about \$130 each, while the average wage of the sailors on the voyage was about \$29—a trifle lower than the current rates. With ocean travel where it is to-day one is inclined to envy the intrepid Christopher in spite of the discomforts he encountered. With his scale of prices the cost of passage must have been ridiculously low. One can imagine the posters on the walls of Barcelona—"Special Excursion Rates to San Salvador—Passage \$6.75 for the round trip—Join the Explorers and See the World."

LAUGHS

"Young man," stormed the irate father, "I'll cut you off with a dollar!" "How about letting me have it now, dad?" inquired the unlucky one.

Exasperated Magazine Editor (to talkative author)—Tell me, do you get paid by the week, or so much per thousand words?

Edith—Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married? Ethel—Too long! He hasn't got a cent left.

"Here, young man, it's against the law to spit on this floor." "Then why did you put that sign up?" "What sign?" "Fine for Spitting."

School Inspector—Now, children, if I wanted to become a joiner, what would I require that at present I haven't got? Smart Pupil—A character, sir!

Judge—You are charged with being a deserter, having left your wife. Are the facts of the case true? Prisoner—No, your Honor, I am not a deserter. Just a refugee.

A Hebrew came home and found his wife with little Ikey in her arms singing him to sleep with a lullaby like this, "By-low, baby; by-low, baby." The Jew on seeing this was all smiles and proudly said to his wife, "Dat vas right, you teach him to buy low and I'll teach him to sell high."

Young Mr. Benderbury landed home late from a whist drive. He brought a prize—a large oil lamp. He handed it proudly, if unsteadily, to his sister. "It's so like you," said his sister, and Mr. Benderbury looked pleased. Then she continued: "It's good looking and wants a lot of attention; unsteady on its legs, and when half oiled inclined to explode; flares up occasionally; out at bed-time and smokes too much."

INTERESTING ARTICLES

VACCINATING CHICKENS

County Farm Agent Brown in New Jersey has vaccinated 8,000 hens with a serum, protecting them against chickenpox, croup, canker and pneumonia. The serum, injected under the wind, did not interfere with laying.

GETS HOME JUST IN TIME TO STOP HIS OWN FUNERAL

Garrett Van Denburgh, 70, reported dead for two days, returned home just in time to interrupt plans for his funeral. The body beside which his wife and children were mourning proved to be that of Richard Gordon of Carlyle.

The men resembled each other so closely that when the body was found it was supposed to be that of the missing Van Denburgh. The latter said he had been digging potatoes on a farm eight miles from Gloversville, N. Y.

LONGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE TO BE BUILT

The world marveled when famous old Brooklyn Bridge was built. Many scientific construction engineers said it couldn't be done and that the bridge wouldn't stand the strain. It has stood for over 40 years, and since its construction other larger and more wonderful bridges have been built, but the mind of the public still holds old Brooklyn Bridge in a place of reverence. It is one of the landmarks of New York, and every visitor, before he leaves, must see the bridge or go back to his home in Ohio or Indiana or Kentucky and admit that he has failed to see one of THE sights of New York—or of the whole country, for that matter. The position of Brooklyn Bridge in the minds of popular fancy is secure, for it was the first of its kind. But in the list of remarkable engineering feats the old bridge has long ceased to hold its position at the top. Greater bridges have been built and these greater ones have been surpassed by still greater ones.

At present the Williamsburg Bridge across the East River in New York City has the longest center span of any suspension bridge in the world, but it will soon give up its supremacy and go down into the list of also rans. Bear Mountain-Hudson River bridge which is being constructed near Peekskill, N. Y., will hold sway as the greatest—for a time. This new structure which will be opened about April, 1925, will have a center span of 1,632 feet—32 feet longer than that of the Williamsburg Bridge. Its towers will rise to a height of 360 feet, while the height of the bridge span will be 155 feet—20 feet higher than any of the bridges in New York City.

The rapid growth of the population of New York and the automobile industry have raised a crying demand for roads to cool country regions in the summer, and the problem of supplying adequate road facilities for the thousands of machines has been a difficult one. Ferries crossing the Hudson River into New Jersey have been unable to take care of the crowds and the need of a

bridge has long been felt. The location of the bridge was decided upon because of the narrowness of the river at that point and because of the natural cliffs of rock will provide ample support for the weight of the structure.

PAWNEE ROCK, FAMOUS LANDMARK

The transformation of western Kansas from a treeless plain to a land of verdure and forest has almost abolished one feature of the landscape which on the pioneer days was widely and justly famous—Pawnee Rock.

This rock, rising abruptly from the plain, was at one time a landmark, visible for miles along the old Santa Fe trail. To-day the trees that are thickly covering the surrounding plain with a forest growth obscure it until the famous rock can hardly be seen any more across country.

In the days before settlers nestled near the rock it must have been plainly visible for many miles in any direction. From its crest one can see twenty miles to the east and south along the valley of the Arkansas River.

The Rock covers approximately five acres and rises abruptly from the plains. There are no rocks of similar formation anywhere near. It is just a huge pile of reddish volcanic stone, upturned by some upheaval in the earth. Its northern and western slopes are covered with loose soil. The south and east slopes of the rock are bare and sheer in their ascent from the plain.

The rock is about a quarter of a mile north of the old Santa Fe trail on the western arc of the great bend of the Arkansas River midway between the cities of Great Bend and Larned. It is located on the map by the town of Pawnee Rock on the Barton-Pawnee county lines.

It was here that the settlers and Forty-niners, the whole vanguard of pioneers in the West, had to meet the enemy, the Pawnee Indians. From the rock they had perfect observation on every wagon train that followed the old Santa Fe trail. The bloodiest Indian battles in Kansas pioneer history, and indeed that of all the West, were fought at Pawnee Rock.

The lives of scores of pioneers were given up on this sacrificial mound that civilization might proceed westward. The land which the rock is on was given to the State by Benjamin Unruh in 1908, through the influence of the women's organizations which were behind the movement to make it a State park. The Women's Kansas Day Club started this movement on its organization in 1906. The rock was presented before both houses of the Legislature in 1909 by Mrs. J. S. Simmons of Hutchinson, then president of the Women's Kansas Day Club. Governor Stubbs accepted for the State.

The development of the park includes the construction of a stone gateway and wall, an observation tower on the top of the rock, the mounting of two pieces of artillery, the erection of a flagpole and of a memorial monument. The monument is a granite shaft rising nearly forty feet above the top of the rock.

HERE AND THERE

PULLS TACK FROM GIRL'S HEAD WITH NIPPERS

When Edith Mezarts, aged 4 1-2, complained of a pain in the head recently her mother found the head of an eight-penny nail amid her locks. They hurried to the home of Dr. W. J. Sarzenza 1152 Bay street Rosebank, Staten Island. He was unwilling to pull the nail. He went with them to the Staten Island Hospital but Dr. Edward Jensen also decided an operation would be risky. They sent for a specialist, but before he got there the child cried so lustily that Dr. Jensen got a pair of nippers and pulled out the "nail." It was a short tack with an eight penny head. It probably became imbedded in the child's scalp as she played in the sand near her home at South Beach.

OWNS FIRST GREENBACK

Miss Louise H. Sands, No. 510 Decatur street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the possessor of a rare numismatic item—the first \$1 greenback ever issued by the United States Government. In the left-hand upper corner of the bill is the vignette or picture of the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, who was Secretary of the United States Treasury at the time of issue. In the right-hand upper corner is the denomination of the bill, and near to it, in red ink, the number, a figure "1." In the centre near the upper edge it bears the legend: "Act of July 11, 1862."

Across the face of the bill is printed: "The United States will pay the bearer One Dollar at the Treasury in New York."

On the lower part of the bill is inscribed: "Washington, Aug. 1, 1862. L. E. Chittenden, Registrar, F. E. Spinner, Treasurer."

In the left-hand corner is a "1," designating the value of the bill, and just above it the letter series A. On the reverse side or back it is green in color, with the figure "1" near each end, designating the value, and over the figure printed the word "one."

In the centre in a circle is printed: "This note is legal tender for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt, and is receivable in payment of all loans made to the United States."

"Greenbacks" of this character had behind them the "fiat" of the Government, and so went into circulation as pay for soldiers and supplies during the Civil War. They became much depreciated but reached par in 1878, a year or so before the resumption of specie payments by Uncle Sam. The name lent itself to a powerful political movement at several periods during the seventies, which reached a high-water mark in 1880, when Gen. John B. Weaver of Iowa, ran for President on a "greenback" platform.

Maine went "greenback" at the September election in 1880, and the alarm so caused led to a gigantic effort on the part of the Republicans, backed by sound money interests, which elected James A. Garfield

MADE OVER FACES TO BE COMMON

Children of the future will be taken to the facial surgeon for the construction of a pleasing physiognomy, just as to-day they are taken to the dentist, according to Dr. Henry J. Schireson, facial and plastic surgeon of Chicago, who is at the Hotel Pennsylvania for a few days while he fixes up some New York faces according to the latest esthetic standards.

There is no longer any need for the business man to hide his weak chin beneath a goatee, for a professor to hide his Ben Turpin eyes behind bone glasses, or for a prize fighter to cover his cauliflower ears in a Tam o' Shanter. All that is necessary is that the uncomely one pick out a model of a face that every one and not only his mother can love, and the facial surgeon will do the rest.

It takes three minutes to straighten out cross eyes and twenty to build up a good strong chin, according to the Chicago facial expert, who is the man responsible for the new superstructure on the face of Fanny Brice. The process, he says, is very simple, and the only difficulty for the subject is in deciding between having a Grecian or a Roman nose, or how large an ear will really look the best.

Faces make a man, in the opinion of the sculptors in flesh, and they are ready to do their part in helping every man to be an Apollo and every woman a Venus.

The changes need not be permanent. If one gets tired of a rather receding chin it can be built out again, and if one is interested in sports where a prominent chin might offer a worthy target it can be made less obstusive.

The actress can choose her fact to fit her part. The young college graduate may acquire wrinkles, the aging dowager have them erased. New skin for old and a veritable fountain of youth seem to have been discovered. Let any woman bring to the facial surgeon a beautiful movie queen and the movie queen's pulchritude is conferred on the envious one.

This is all perfectly possible now, according to Dr. Schireson, and in his clinic in Chicago he is performing many operations a day along these very lines. Here in New York he has been asked by fourteen surgeons to treat some fifty-six patients. There is nothing new in the idea, he says, as it was started by the Romans, who had their surgeons build them new ears and noses when they were cut off at the whims of emperors.

Facial and plastic surgery has been studied particularly in Germany, Dr. Schireson explained, but it was during the war that it made its greatest strides and engaged the serious attention of the best surgeons in the world. Something had to be done for the men whose faces were shattered by shells, and surgery rose to the emergency. Now, in the opinion of the Chicago surgeon, plastic surgery has come to stay and no man need go through life handicapped by facial defects.

Get a Job Like These Earn \$3500 to \$10,000 a Year

20 Years Old— Makes Almost \$500 a Month

Harold Hastings of Somers, Mass., says: "The profit on my electrical business amounts to \$475 a month. My success is due entirely to your instruction. You make your men just what you say—Electrical Experts. No man will ever make a mistake enrolling for your course."

Dickerson Gets \$7,500 a Year

"I earned \$30 a week when I started with you—\$50 a week when half through your course. Now I clean up at the rate of \$7,500 a year. Thank you a thousand times for what you did for me. Electricity pays big on the farm." Herbert M. Dickerson, Warrenton, Virginia.

\$20.00 a Day for Schreck

"Use my name as a reference and depend on me as a booster. The biggest thing I ever did was answer your advertisement. I am averaging better than \$500 a month from my own business now. I used to make \$18.00 a week." A. Schreck, Phoenix, Ariz.

Pence Earns \$9,000 a Year

W. E. Pence, Chehalis, Wash., says: "Your course put me where I am today. Mr. Cooke—making \$750 a month doing automobile electrical work—think of it—\$9,000 a year. Besides that I am my own boss. My wife joins me in thanking you for what you did for us."

\$30 to \$50 a Day for J. R. Morgan

"When I started on your course I was a carpenter's helper, earning around \$5.00 a day. Now I make from \$30 to \$50 a day and am busy all the time. Use this letter if you want to—I stand behind it." J. R. Morgan, Delaware, Ohio.

in the Big Pay Field of ELECTRICITY

It's your own fault if you don't earn more. Blame yourself if you stick to your small pay job when I have made it so easy for you to earn \$3500 to \$10,000 a year as an electrical expert. Electrical Experts are badly needed. Thousands of men must be trained at once. One billion dollars a year is being spent for electrical expansion and everything is ready but the men. Will you answer the call of this big pay field? Will you get ready now for the big job I will help you get? The biggest money of your life is waiting for you.

I Will Train You at Home

I will train you just like I trained the five men whose pictures you see here. Just like I have trained thousands of other men—ordinary, everyday sort of fellows—pulling them out of the depths of starvation wages into jobs that pay \$12.00 to \$30.00 a day. Electricity offers you more opportunities—bigger opportunities—than any other line and with my easily learned, spare time course, I can fit you for one of the biggest jobs in a few short months' time.

Quick and Easy to Learn

Don't let any doubt about your being able to do what these other men have done rob you of your just success. Pence and Morgan and these other fellows didn't have a thing on you when they started. You can easily duplicate their success. Age, lack of experience or lack of education makes no difference. Start just as you are and I will guarantee the result with a signed money back guarantee bond. If you are not 100% satisfied with my course it won't cost you a cent.

FREE—Electrical Working Outfit and Tools

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Genuine Kotalko contains real bear oil, juice of the rare *pilocarpus* plant and ten other ingredients. You may buy it at a busy druggist's. Guarantee in each box. Or write for proof box with booklet, free by mail. Address: Kotalko Company, Q-370, Station L, New York.

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Address

State

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WATER PIPES

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The water department of one municipality uses a water pipe detector invented by an employee.

A copper wire 500 feet long carried on a reel is attached to a faucet or the plumbing in a house receiving water from the lost pipe. The other end of the wire is connected to a faucet in an adjoining house. A battery is placed in the circuit, also an induction coil with interrupter, and current then flows from one house to the other through the wire and from the second house back to the first through the pipe. This circuit is rapidly closed and opened by the action of the interrupter, and consequently the current through the water pipe is intermittent.

The explorer now puts on a head telephone which is connected to the detector carried in a box close to the ground by a strap loop. When the detector box in being carried about is brought over the pipe sought a buzzing caused by the inductive effect of the interrupted current flowing in the pipe is heard in the head telephone.

NINETY FEET OF TROUSERS

In the Balkans, where women tend goats and cattle in the mountains, it is necessary for them to wear trousers; skirts would be too cumbersome among the rocks. In Albania, however, women wear trousers in accordance with an old custom. An Albanian woman takes pride in wearing trousers as voluminous as possible, and as a result the garments do not in the least resemble the ordinary masculine attire, but appear like tremendously full, heavy skirts. The richer the woman is the more extensive are the trousers, and it is not at all uncommon to see women wearing trousers that are made of 90 feet or more of cloth. When an Albanian girl is to be married all her relatives contribute to provide her with trousers as well as with the full costume of an Albanian woman, including caps adorned with gold and pearls and with gold ornaments. The complete dress weighs more than 60 pounds. It is no wonder, therefore, that to take quick steps is impossible, and that when the women are at home they sit cross-legged.

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She says "Ma! Ma!" with a loud, distinct voice, not a little squeak. She has the sweetest face, rosy cheeks, brown hair, big blue eyes and when you lay her down she will say "Ma Ma" just like a real child. She's a darling little baby, but she wants a little girl to fondle her and make her happy. She comes to you, dressed in pretty clothes, FREE for selling only 12 packages of Perfumed Sachet at 10c each. Write at once. Send no Money. Extra Gift if you order now.

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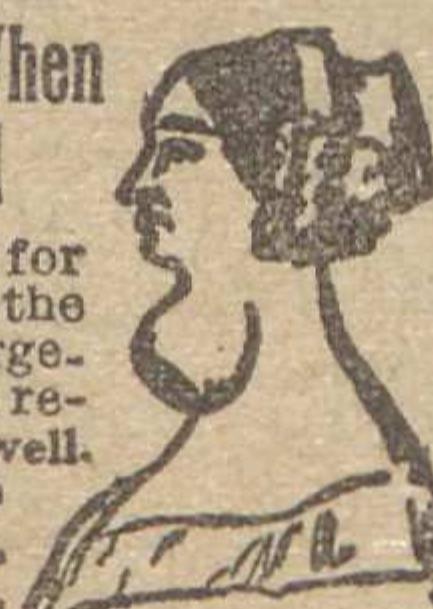
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Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald may obtain a full size box of Kotalko under money-refund guarantee at any busy druggist's. Or a proof box will be mailed free, postpaid, merely by writing to Kotalko Offices, P-370, Station L, New York, N. Y.

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